THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2123.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

USEFUL AND HANDSOME PREMIUM!

TO EVERY TWO DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER, WHO PAYS IN ADVANCE FOR 1862, AND TO EVERY PERSON WHO GETS UP A CLUB FOR 1862, WILL BE GIVEN, OR SENT BY MAIL (postage prepaid by us) A HANDSOME COLORED MAP OF THE SLAVE-HOLDING STATES—FOUR FEET LONG BY THREE FEET BROAD!

☞ *Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of this Map, can have it sent to him (postage prepaid) by forwarding Fifty Cents in addition to the club rate.*

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	$2,00
" " two years,	3,00
" " four "	6,00
Two copies, one year,	3,00
Four " "	6,00
Eight " "	10,00
Ten " "	12,00
Twenty " "	20,00

We send a copy GRATIS *to every person who sends a club of* EIGHT, TEN *or* TWENTY *subscribers.* This is in addition to the Map Premium, which we send to the getter-up of *every* Club.

For $3 we send ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and THE POST, one year each.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent a Club, may add other names at any time during the year.

The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty-six cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we *prefer* U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and *one or three* cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

A SOLDIER DEAD!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

He died amid the red hot smoke of battle,
Died, with the flag, blood purchased, in his hand;
Died, with his white lips shouting—"On to victory!"
Cheering and urging on his bold command.
Beneath a southern sky of softest azure,
His grave-faced comrades laid him down to rest,
While muffled drum taps stirred the air of even,
And the great sun hung low within the west;
Laid him to sleep with the blood-reeking banner,
So dearly won, shrouding his lifeless breast.

What need of sculptured urn, or mausoleum,
To tell his virtues—consecrate his name?
He perished for his country! Death all glowing!
The proudest fate that's given man by Fame!
A nation's tears are his—a nation mourns him—
His monument shall outlast space and time!
He was a soldier, shared a soldier's fortune,
And yielded up his life in manhood's prime;—
Proud of the honor—proud to be selected
To die a death so royally sublime!

A fair New England home is drear without him,
Bright eyes are sad with weight of unshed tears;
The memory of his lonely grave will darken
The lives of kindred for these many years!
But let them joy that for their noble country
They had this dear one for a sacrifice;
He is not lost—the eyes of a great nation
Have marked the lone spot where his mortal lies!
For, though recorded not on history's tablets,
It is an epoch when a brave man dies!

Yes, leave him there; the wild and grand Atlantic
Shall sing his dirges, now, and evermore!
Shall daily chant his requiem, as the surges
Beat up the curvings of the sandy shore.
The strife and turmoils of his life are ended,
For him, the "charge," "advance," "sortie," are done!
He'll face no more the hail of hostile cannon—
The smoke of conflict darkens not his sun!
He's scaled the walls, and gained the heavenly bastions,
Crowned by peace—his bloodless victory won!

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE MYSTERY," "EAST LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. COX.

A gloomy winter's evening. Not that, reckoning by the seasons, it could be called winter yet; but it was getting on for it, and the night was dark and sloppy, and blowing and rainy. The wind was blowing down Daffodil's Delight, sending the fierce rain before it in showers, and the pools gleamed in the reflected light of the gas lamps, as wayfarers splashed through them and stirred up their muddy waters.

The luxurious and comfortable in position—those at ease in the world, who could issue their orders to attentive tradespeople at their morning's leisure—had no necessity to be abroad on that inclement Saturday night. Not so Daffodil's Delight; there was not much chance (taking it collectively) of a dinner for the morrow, at the best; but, unless they went abroad, there was none.

Down the street, to one particular corner shop, which had three gilt-colored balls hanging outside it, went the stream—chiefly females; not together, they mostly walked in units, and, some of them at least, in a covert sort of manner, keeping in the shade of dead walls and of dark houses, as if not caring to be seen. Among the latter, stole one who appeared more especially tenacious of being recognized. She was a young woman, comely once, but pale and hollow-eyed now, her bones too sharp for her skin. She was well wrapped up against the weather, her cloth cloak warm, a fur round her neck, and india-rubber shoes. Choosing her time to approach the shop when the coast should be tolerably clear, she glanced cautiously in at the window and door, and entered.

Laying upon the counter a small parcel which she carried folded in a handkerchief, she displayed a card-board box to the sight of the shop's master, who came forward to attend to her. It contained a really handsome set of corals, fashioned like those worn in the days when our mothers were young; a necklace of six rows of small beads, with a gold snap made to imitate a rose, a large coral head set in it; a pair of gold earrings, with long pendant coral drops, and a large and handsome gold brooch, set likewise with corals.

"What, is it *you*, Miss Baxendale!" he exclaimed, his tone expressive of some surprise.

"It is indeed, Mr. Cox," replied Mary. "We all have to bend to these hard times. It's share and share alike in them. Will you please to look at these jewels?"

She tenderly drew aside the cotton which was over the trinkets—tenderly and reverently, almost as if a miniature live baby were lying there. Very precious were they to Mary. They were dear to her from associations: and she also believed them to be of great value.

The pawnbroker glanced at them slightly, carelessly lifting one of the earrings in his hand, to feel its weight. The brooch he honored with a closer inspection.

"What do you want upon them?" he asked.

"Nay," said Mary, "it is not for me to name a sum. What will you lend?"

"You are not accustomed to our business, or you would know that we like borrowers to mention their own ideas: and we give it if we can," he rejoined with ready words. "What do you ask?"

"If you would let me have four pounds upon them," began Mary, hesitatingly; but he snapped up the words.

"Four pounds! Why, Miss Baxendale, you can't know what you are saying. The fashion of these coral things is over, and done with. They are worth next to nothing."

Mary's heart beat quicker.

"They are genuine, sir, if you'll please to look. The gold is real gold, and the coral is the best coral; my poor mother has told me so many a time. Her godmother was a lady, well-to-do in the world, and the things were a present from her."

"If they were not genuine, I'd not lend as many pence upon them," said the man. "With a little alteration the brooch might be made tolerably modern; otherwise their value would be no more than old gold. In selling them, I—"

"It will not come to that, Mr. Cox," interrupted Mary. "Please God spares me a little while—and, since the hot weather went out, I feel a bit stronger—I shall soon redeem them."

Mr. Cox looked at her thin face; he listened to her short breath; and he drew his own conclusions. There was a line of pity in his hard face, for he had long respected Mary Baxendale.

"By the way, the strike seems to be going on; there doesn't promise much for a speedy end to it," quoth he. "I never was so overdone with pledges."

"My work does not depend upon that," said Mary. "Let me get up a little strength, and I shall have as much work as I can do. And I am paid well, Mr. Cox; I have a private connection. I am not like the poor seamstresses who make shirts for fourpence a-piece."

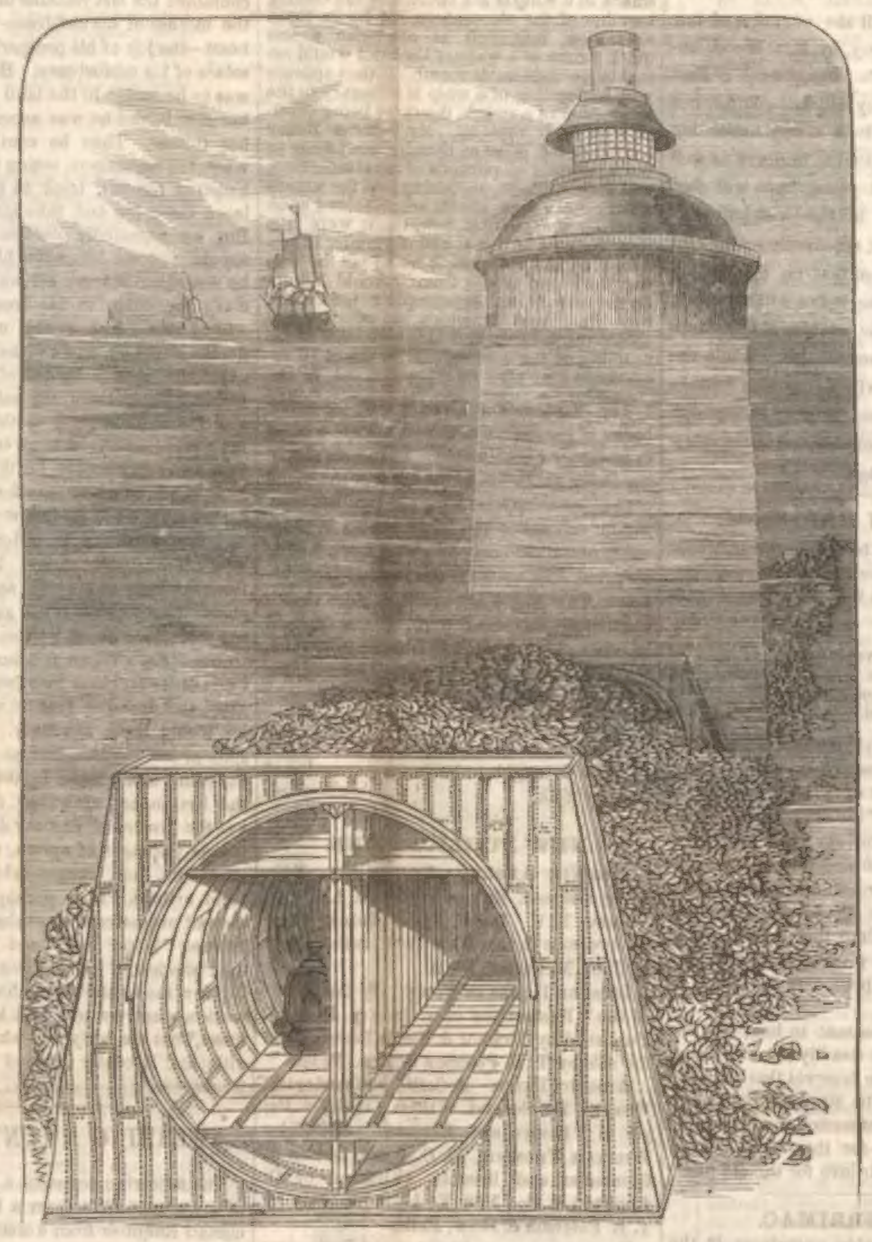
Mr. Cox made no immediate reply to this, and there was a pause. The open box lay before him. He took up the necklace and examined its clasp.

"I will lend you a sovereign upon them."

She lifted her face pitiably, and the tears glistened in her eyes.

"It would be of no use to me," she whispered. "I want the money for a particular purpose, otherwise I should never have brought here these gifts of my mother's. She gave them to me the day I was eighteen, and I have religiously kept them from desecration."

Poor Mary! From desecration!



THE PROPOSED ENGLISH CHANNEL RAILWAY.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

"I have heard her say what they cost; but I forget now. I know it was over ten pounds. It is a set, you see."

"But the day for this fashion has gone by. To ask four pounds upon them was preposterous; and you would know it to be so, were you acquainted with the trade."

"Will you lend me two pounds, then?"

The tone was tremblingly eager, the face beseeching—a wan face, telling of the coming grave. Possibly the thought struck the pawnbroker, and awoke some humanity within him.

"I shall lose by it, I know, if it comes to a sale. I'd not do it for anybody else, Miss Baxendale."

He proceeded to write out the ticket, his thoughts running upon whether—if it did come to sale—he could not make three pounds by the brooch alone. As he was handing her the money, somebody rushed in, close to the spot occupied by Mary, and dashed down a large-sized paper parcel on the counter. She wore a black lace bonnet, which had once been white, frayed, and altogether the worse for wear, independent of its dirt. It was tilted on the back of her head, displaying a mass of hair in front, half gray, half black, and exceedingly in disorder; together with a red face. It was Mrs. Dunn.

"My patience me! if it's not Mary Baxendale! I thought you was too much of the lady to put your nose inside a pop-shop. Don't it go again the grain?" she ironically added, for she did not appear to be in the sweetest of tempers.

"It does indeed, Mrs. Dunn," was the girl's meek answer, as she took her money and departed.

"Now, then, old Cox, just attend to me," began Mrs. Dunn. "I have brought something as you don't get offered every day."

Mr. Cox accustomed to the scant ceremony bestowed upon him by some of the ladies of Daffodil's Delight, took the speech with indifference, and gave his attention to the parcel, from which Mrs. Dunn was rapidly taking off the twine.

"What's this?—silk?" cried he, as a roll of dress-silk, brown, crossbarred with gold, came forth to view.

"Yes, it is silk; and there's fourteen yards of it; and I want thirty shillings upon it," volubly replied Mrs. Dunn.

He took the silk between his fingers, feeling its substance, in his professionally indifferent and disparaging manner.

"Where did you get it from?" he asked.

"Where did I get it from?" retorted Mrs. Dunn. "What's that to you? D'ye think I stole it?"

"How do I know?" returned he.

"You insolent fellow! Is it only to-day as you have knowed me, Tom Cox? My name's Hannah Dunn; and I don't want you to testify to my honesty; I can hold up my head in Daffodil's Delight just as well as you can—perhaps a little better. Concern yourself with your own business. I want thirty shillings upon that."

"It isn't worth thirty shillings in the shop, new," was the rejoinder.

"What?" shrieked Mrs. Dunn. "It cost three-and-fourpence halfpenny a yard, every yard of it, and there's fourteen of 'em, I tell you."

"I don't care if it cost six-and-fourpence halfpenny; it's not worth more than I say. I'll lend you ten shillings upon it, and I should lose then."

"Where do you expect to go when you die?" demanded Mrs. Dunn, in a tone that might be heard half the length of Daffodil's Delight. "I wouldn't tell such lies for the paltry sake of grinding folks down; no, not if you made me a duchess to-morrow for it."

"Here, take the silk off. I have not got time to bother; it's Saturday night."

He swept the parcel, silk, paper, and string towards her, and was turning away. She leaned over the counter and seized upon him.

"You want a opposition in the place, that's what you want, Master Cox! You have been cock o' the walk over Daffodil's Delight so long, that you think you can treat folks as if they was dirt. You be over-done with business, that's what you be; you're a making gold as fast as they makes it in Australiar; we shall have you a setting up your tandem next. What'll you give me upon that silk?"

"I'll give you ten shillings; I have said so. You may take it or not, it's at your own option."

More contending; but the pawnbroker was firm; and Mrs. Dunn was forced to accept the offer, or else take away her silk.

"How long is this strike going to last?" he asked, as he made out the duplicate. The words excited the irascibility of Mrs. Dunn.

"Strike!" she uttered, in a flaming passion. "Who dare's to call it a strike? It's not a strike; it's a lock-out."

"Lock-out, then. The two things come to the same, don't they? Is there a chance of its coming to an end?"

"No, they don't come to the same," shrieked Mrs. Dunn. "A strike's what it is—a strike; a act of noble independence which the British workman may be proud on. A lock-out is a nasty, mean, overbearing tyranny on the part of the masters. I hope the men'll hold out for ever, I do! I hope the masters'll be drove, every soul of 'em, into the dust and dregs of the bankruptcy court; I hope their sticks and stones'll be sold up, down to their children's cradles—"

"There, that's enough," interposed the pawnbroker, as he handed her what he had to give. "You'll be collecting a crowd round the door, if you go on like that. Here's somebody else, waiting for your place."

It was Mrs. Cheek, an especial friend of the lady's now being dismissed. Mrs. Cheek was carefully carrying a basket which contained various chimney ornaments—pretty enough in their places, but not of much value. The pawnbroker, after some haggling, not so intemperately carried on as the bargain just concluded, advanced six shillings on them.

"I had wanted twelve," she said; "and I can't do with less."

"I am willing to lend it," returned he, "if you bring goods according."

"I have stripped the place of a'most all the light things as can be spared," said Mrs. Cheek. "One doesn't care to begin upon the heavy furniture and the necessaries."

"Is there no chance of the present state of affairs coming to an end?" inquired Mr. Cox, putting the same question to which he had not got an answer from Mrs. Dunn. "The men can go back to work if they like; the masters' yards are open again."

"Open!" returned Mrs. Cheek, in a guttural tone, as she threw back her head in disdain; "they have been open some time, if you call *that* opening 'em. If a man likes to go as a sneaking coward, and work upon the terms offered now, knuckling down to the masters, and putting his hand to their beastly old odious document, severing himself from the Union, he can do it. It ain't many of our men as you'll find do that dirty work. If my husband was to attempt it, I'd be ready to skin him alive."

"But the men have gone back in some parts of the metropolis."

"*Men*, do you call 'em? A few may; one black sheep out of a flock. They ain't men, they are half-castes. Let them look to themselves," concluded Mrs. Cheek, significantly, as she quitted the shop.

At the butcher's stall, a few paces further, she came up to Mrs. Dunn, who was standing in the glare of the blazing torch-light, in the incessant noise of the "Buy, buy, buy! what'll you buy?" Not less than a dozen more women were congregating there, elbowing each other, as they turned over the scraps of meat set out for sale in small heaps—sixpence the lot, a shilling the lot, according to quality and quantity. In the prosperous time when their husbands were in full work, these ladies had scornfully disdained such heaps on a Saturday night: they were wont to buy a good joint for the Sunday's dinner.

One of the women nudged another in her vicinity, directing her attention to the inside of the shop.

"Just twig Mother Shuck; she's a being served, I hope!"

"Mother Shuck," Slippery Sam's better half, was making her purchases, in the agreeable confidence of possessing money to pay for them—liver and bacon for the present evening's supper, and a breast of veal, to be served with savory herbs, for the morrow's dinner. In the old times, while the throng of women now outside had been able to make the same or similar purchases, *she* had hovered without like a hungry hyena, hanging over the cheap portions with covetous eyes and fingers, as many another poor wife had done, whose husband could not or would not work. Times were changed.

"I can't afford nothing, hardly, I can't," grumbled Mrs. Cheek. "What's the good of six shilling for a Saturday night, when everything's wanted, from the rent down to a potater? The young 'uns have got their bare feet upon the boards, as may be said, for their shoes be without toes and heels; and who is to get 'em others? I wish that Cox was a bit juster. He's a getting rich upon our spoils. Six shilling for that lot as I took him in!"

"I wish he was smothered!" struck in Mrs. Dunn. "He took and asked me if I'd stole the silk. It was that lovely silk, you know, as I was fool enough to go and choose, the week of the strike, on the strength of the good time a coming. We have had something else to do since, instead of making up silk gownds."

"The good time ain't come yet," said Mrs. Cheek, shortly. "I wish the old 'uns was back again, if we could get 'em without stooping to the masters."

"It was at the shop where Mary Ann and Jemimar deals, when they has to get in things for their customers' work," resumed Mrs. Dunn, continuing the subject of the silk. "I shouldn't have had credit at any other place. Fourteen yards I bought of it, and three-and-fourpence halfpenny I gave for every yard of it; I did, I protest to you, Elizar Cheek: and that swindling old screw had the conscience to offer me ten shillings."

"Is the silk paid for?"

"Paid for!" wrathfully repeated Mrs. Dunn: "has it been a time to pay for silk gownds when our husbands be under a lock-out? Of course it's not paid for, and the shop's a beginning to bother for it; but they'll be none the nearer getting it. I say, master, what'll you weigh in these fag ends of mutton and beef at—the two together?"

It will be readily understood, from the above conversation and signs, that several weeks had elapsed since the commencement of the lock-out. The roast goose and the boiled salmon had not come yet. The masters' shops were open—open to any one who would go to work in them, provided they renounced all connection with the Trades' Unions. Daffodil's Delight would not have this at any price, and they held out. The worst aspect in the affair—I mean the interests of the men—was, that strange workmen were assembling from different parts of the country, accepting the work which they refused. Of course this feature in the dispute was most bitter to the men: they lavished their abuse upon the masters for employing strange hands; and they would have been glad to lavish something worse than abuse upon the hands themselves. One of the masters compared them to the fable of the dog in the manger: they would not take the work, and they would not let (by their good will) anybody else take it. Incessant agitation was maintained. The workmen were in a sufficiently excited state, as it was: and, to help on that which need not have been helped, the agents of the Trades' Union kept the ball rolling—an incendiary ball, urging obstinacy and spreading discontent. But this history has not so much to do with the political phases of the unhappy dispute, as with its social effects.

As Mary Baxendale was returning home from the pawnbroker's, she passed Mrs. Darby, who was standing at her own door, looking at the weather. "Mary, girl," was the salutation, "this is not a night for you to be abroad."

"I was obliged to go," was the reply. "How are the children?"

"Come in and see them," said Mrs. Darby.

She led the way into a back room, which, at the first glance, seemed to be covered with mattresses and children. A large family had Robert Darby—indeed, it was a complaint prevalent in Daffodil's Delight. They were of various ages: those, lying on the mattresses, six of them, were from four to twelve years. The elder ones were not at home.

The room had a close, unhealthy smell, which struck especially on the senses of Mary, rendered sensitive from illness.

"What have you got them all in this room for?" she exclaimed, in the impulse of the moment.

"I have given up the rooms above," was Mrs. Darby's reply.

"But—when the children were ill—was it a time to give up rooms?" debated Mary.

"No," replied Mrs. Darby, who spoke as if she were heart-broken, in a sad, subdued tone, the very reverse of Mesdames Dunn and Cheek. "But how could we keep on the top rooms when we had not got the rent? I spoke to the landlord, and he is letting the back rent stand a bit, not to sell us up; and I gave up to him the two top rooms: and we all sleep in here together."

"I wish the men would go back to work," said Mary, with a sigh.

"Mary, my heart's just falling within me," wailed Mrs. Darby. "Here's winter coming o—, and all of them out of work. If it were not for my daughter, who is in service, and brings us her wages as she gets them, I believe we should just have starved. I *must* get medicine for the children, though we go without bread."

"It is not medicine they want: it is nourishment," said Mary.

"It is both. Nourishment would have done when they were first ailing, but now that it has turned to low fever they must have medicine, or it will grow into typhus. It's bark they have to take, and it costs—"

"Mother! mother!" struck up a plaintive voice, that of the eldest of the children lying there, "I want more of that nice drink!"

"I have not got it, Willy. You know that you had it all. Mrs. Quale brought me round a pot of black currant jelly," she explained to Mary, "and I poured boiling water on it to make drink. Their little parched throats did so relish it, poor things."

Mary knelt on the floor, and put her hand on the child's moist brow. He was a pretty boy: fair and delicate, with light curls falling round his face. A gentle, thoughtful boy he had ever been, but less healthy than some.

"You are thirsty, Willy?"

He opened his heavy eyelids, and the large round blue eyes glistened with fever, as they were lifted to see who spoke. "How do you do, Mary?" he meekly said. "Yes, I am so thirsty. Mother says perhaps she should have a sixpence to-night to buy a pot of Jelly like Mrs. Quale's."

Mrs. Darby colored slightly: she thought Mary must reflect on the extravagance implied. Sixpence for jelly, when they were wanting money for a loaf!

"I did say it to him," she whispered as she was quitting the room with Mary. "I thought I might spare a sixpence out of what Darby got from the society. But I can't; I can't. There's so many things we cannot do without, unless we just give up, and lie down and don't even try at keeping body and soul together. Rent, and coals, and candles, and soap; and we must eat something. Darby, too, of course he wants a trifle for beer and tobacco. Mary, I say I am just heart-faint. If the poor boy should die, it'll be upon my heart for ever, that the drink he craved for in his last illness couldn't be got for him."

"Does he crave for it?"

"Nothing was ever like it. All day long it has been his sad, pitiful cry. 'Have you got the jelly yet, mother? Oh mother, if I could but have the drink!'"

As Mary went through the front room Robert Darby was in it then. His chin rested on his hands, his elbows were on the table: altogether he looked very down-hearted.

"I have been up to see, Willy," she cried.

"Ah, poor little chap!" It was all he said; but the tone implied more.

"Things seem to be getting pretty low with us all. I wish there could be a change," continued Mary.

"How can there be, while the masters and the Unions are at loggerheads?" he asked. "Us men be between the two: and between the two we come to the ground. It's like sitting on two stools at once."

Mary proceeded to the shop where jelly was sold, an oilman's, bought a sixpenny pot, and took it back to Mrs. Darby's, handing it in at the door.

"Why did you do it, Mary? You can't afford it."

"Yes I can. Give it to Willy, with my love."

"He will only be out of a world of care, if God does take him," she sighed as she bent her steps homeward. "It would be a happy release for the half of us here. Oh father!" she continued aloud, encountering John Baxendale at their own gate, "I wish this sad state of things could be ended. There's the poor little Darbys worse instead of better. They are all lying in one room down with fever."

"God help us if fever should come!" was the reply of John Baxendale.

"It is not catching fever yet. They have given up their top chambers, and are all sleeping in that back room. Poor Willy craved for a bit of jelly, and Mrs. Darby could not get it him."

"Better crave for that than for worse things," roughly returned John Baxendale. "I am just a walking about here, because I can't bear to stop in doors. I *can't* pay the rent, and the things must go."

"No, father, they need not. He said that if you would get up two pounds towards it, he would give time for the rest. If——"

"Two pounds!" ejaculated John Baxendale, "where am I to get two pounds from? Borrow of them that have been provident, and so are better off, in this distress, than me? No, that I never will."

Mary opened her hand, and displayed two sovereigns held in its palm. They sparkled in the gas-light. "They are my own, father. Take them."

A sudden revulsion of feeling came over Baxendale—like one who had passed from despair to hope. "Child," he gently said, "did an angel send them?" And Mary, worn with weakness, with long-continued insufficient food, sad with the distress around her, burst into tears, and, bending her head upon his arm, sobbed aloud.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

THE CHANNINGS.

A NEW STORY, BY MRS. WOOD.

We hardly need call the attention of our readers to a new story, by Mrs. Wood, author of "The Earl's Daughters," "East Lynne," &c., which they will find commenced on our sixth page. It is a very interesting story, and one calculated to improve as well as interest. Boys and young men will find much to please them in the descriptions of school life in England, apparently so different in many respects from that on this side of the ocean. The young ladies will read with peculiar interest of the troubles of Constance—and perhaps of Hamish also. While the fathers and mothers will peruse with feelings that the young can hardly understand, the history of so admirable and estimable a family as the Channings.

SOUTHERN UNIONISM.

We are tempted to believe in the existence of a considerable amount of Southern Unionism, when we read as follows in the *Norfolk Day Book*:—

"No less than seventy-seven citizens of Loudon county were sent to Richmond on Thursday last, and confined in prison *on the charge of being disloyal to the South.*"

Seventy-seven loyal citizens—sufficiently open-mouthed to be suspected—in one county, argues the existence of a large number of more prudent men of the same class. These latter, however, will not say much until there is no danger of a returning tide of rebel soldiery. When the rebellion is effectually crushed—so that even the *London Times* has to give it up, and admit that Jeff. Davis is "a dead cock in the pit"—then Union men will begin to spring up all over the South as thick as mushrooms.

By the way, it is pleasant to hear that our troops are pressing on steadily towards Knoxville. East Tennessee deserves that the hand of assistance should be stretched out to her. The Union men of that section should receive every consideration—for they have proved beyond all denial their love for the old flag.

THE MERRIMAC.

There is considerable uneasiness in the public mind relative to this rebel vessel. The fact is that people generally do not feel implicit reliance in the management of our naval affairs—and they fear that all is not being done which might be done to capture or sink this truly formidable foe. The recent escape of the Nashville has not tended to reassure the public mind. If one vessel can run the blockade, why not the other? Not only the Merrimac, but Norfolk itself should be taken at any reasonable cost. The rebels, no doubt, delighted with their recent success on the water, will bend all their energies to the creation of more Merrimacs. It therefore should be a chief consideration with the government to capture and occupy not only Norfolk, but every place where facilities abound for the work in question. The old proverb says that "Delays are dangerous," and we are finding it out. For us to be beaten on the ocean, with all our immense advantages in ships, seamen and material, is absolutely disgraceful—and it cannot often come to pass without somebody being to blame.

"LOLLIPOPS FOR SOLDIERS."

Under the above head a Canadian letter-writer says:—

The idle life of the camps developes the worst features of this evil system, and the craving of the American appetite for such rubbish as sweet pies, nutcakes, sugarsticks, and the miscellaneous trash which in England boys throw aside with their tops and marbles, is increased by inaction and example; men acquire a distaste for their simple but excellent rations, suffer rapidly in health, and become incapable of enduring the fatigue and privations of a campaign. The quantity of sugarsticks consumed by a single American regiment in a day is past belief, to say nothing of cakes, pies, sardines, peanuts, popped corn, apple sauce, smoked herrings, and the inevitable tobacco and whiskey, when not strictly excluded. The men would need the stomachs of ostriches to preserve their health under such an infliction. Their liberal pay—nearly two shillings sterling per day, exclusive of rations—is frittered away before it is received, and their families, when they have any, are thrown on public charity for support.

While the above is considerably exaggerated, there is still more than sufficient truth in it. We agree with the writer fully as to the bad effects of the continual eating which so many Americans indulge in. When this eating is confined to apples and other fruits, it is not so very hurtful; but when cakes, candies and sweetmeats are thus eaten for pastime—as it were—the tone of the stomach is apt to be seriously affected, and then tobacco and whiskey are resorted to as necessary stimulants. Taree or four times a day, at regular intervals, food of a suitable quality should be taken into the stomach, and all irregular eating, especially of cakes, candies, nuts, &c., be avoided. The seeds of many a dyspepsia are planted by eating when the stomach really needs nothing but to be let alone.

SOUND.

We take the following from an English journal:—

THE MECHANICAL CAUSE OF THUNDER.—It is stated, perhaps, in every scientific work, that thunder is occasioned by the concussion or re-uniting of the atmosphere, after it has been separated by the electric fluid, which explanation is generally, I suppose, at first sight, looked upon as the correct one; but it is not so, and this inasmuch as the entrance of the atmosphere into a vacuum does not occasion a sound similar to that in question, and it cannot be supposed that the filling up of a very large vacuum, as that produced by the electric fluid, by a very elastic substance, as the atmosphere, gives rise to it, seeing that a very loud noise is dependent upon the great resistance of the substances occasioning it. It must, therefore, be allowed that the sound known as thunder is caused by the separation of the atmosphere by the electric fluid, and that the excessive rapidity of the separating force counteracts what would otherwise be the neutralizing effect of the air's elasticity. Similarly, the smack of a whip is not effected by the coming together of the atmosphere, but by its rapid separation, inasmuch as otherwise a less quick stroke or a wave of the hand would occasion a considerable sound. It thus appears why the curling of a whip is necessary to the production of a smack, the curve being effected with great rapidity. Mr. Samuel Bailey attributes the noise of thunder conjointly to the separation of portions of the atmosphere, and their collision, supposing that the sounds arising from these effects are combined upon reaching the ears; if, however, it were true that any part of the sound of thunder is produced by this collision, it would not be true that the sound arising from it would fall upon the ears at an imperceptible interval of time from that at which the other sound would reach them, and this, inasmuch as the re-union of the atmosphere occurs at an appreciable time after its separation.—J. A. D.

The explanation given in the scientific books of the nature of Sound always seemed to us rather questionable. The view given in the above quotation of the cause of the sound of thunder—that it is owing to the sudden separation, and not to the rapid coming together again of the air—may be a little more reasonable, but does not seem to us entirely satisfactory. That sound is something more than it is generally supposed to be, we are inclined to believe; but what it is, is a question which we must leave to future philosophers—if the present ones are not correct—to determine.

NORFOLK.—By the very name of it the city of Norfolk ought to be in the possession of the Nor'-folk.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA. Volume XIV. Reed—Spire. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by John McFarlan, Phila.

LEISURE HOURS IN TOWN. By the author of the "Recreations of a Country Parson." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

AIDS TO FAITH. A Series of Theological Essays. By Several Writers. Being a Reply to "Essays and Reviews." Edited by WILLIAM THOMSON, D. D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

PHŒNIXIANA; or, Sketches and Burlesques by JOHN PHŒNIX. Twelfth Edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

MANUAL FOR HEAVY ARTILLERY. For the Use of Volunteers. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS. By J. CORDY JEAFFRESON, author of "Novels and Novelists," &c. Published by Rudd & Carlton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT. By an Officer of the U. S. Army. With a Descriptive Sketch of West Point by BENSON J. LOSSING. Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston; and for sale by Willis P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN. By JOHN S. HART, LL. D. *Editor of the Sunday-School Times, and late Principal of the Philadelphia High School.* Published by J. C. Garrigues, 148 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS REALIZED; or, CIVILIZING MOUNTAIN MEN. By Mrs. ELLEN H. B. MASON; Eighteen Years Connected with the Highland Clans of Burmah. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The April number contains articles by Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell, Mrs. Stowe, and other well-known writers. We are pleased to learn from its publishers, that "10,000 copies have been added to the circulation of the Atlantic since the beginning of the year."

☞ Gentleman in a restaurant:—"Waiter." Waiter—"Yes, sir." Gent. (showing a hair—) "I pulled this from the soup." Waiter—"I know what it is." Gent.—"I should hope so! Of course, it's a hair." Waiter—"Yes, but you need not be uneasy; as the cook let her comb drop into the soup kettle, it's no wonder one hair is found. The only wonder is that there are not more of them! What's *one* hair in a whole dish of soup?"

☞ "What will the people of New Orleans do without oysters?" was asked in our presence the other morning. A witty friend suggested that "if they couldn't get the oyster, they might soon get the *shell!*"

☞ In chemistry, the best way to separate two bodies is to introduce a third. The same holds true in other departments. To increase the distance between a pair of lovers, all that's required is to let Willie walk into the "back parlor" with a lighted candle in his hand.

☞ LORD BROUGHAM IN FRANCE.—A correspondent states that Lord Brougham is much respected by the inhabitants of Cannes; "but the lower orders cannot make out why so great a millionaire should persist in wearing a hat for which no one in his senses would give a couple of centimes."

AN INCIDENT OF THE EMBARGO

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A very touching instance of conjugal affection was manifested on the Nashville railroad a few months ago, when the embargo on contraband goods was first put in force, which I will hasten to make known:—

A gentleman dressed in mourning was seen to drive up to the Louisville depot in a hack and take from thence a coffin, which he placed in the car. He seemed to be in the greatest distress. His eyes were suffused with tears, and his face showed signs of the deepest grief. As soon as the cars started, he took his seat upon the coffin, and burying his head in his hands, commenced sobbing and groaning in the most heart-rending manner. The sympathies of the bystanders were immediately enlisted, and they crowded around the bereaved mourner. From his passionate outbursts of sorrow, they learned that the coffin contained the last remains of his dear wife—the mother of his children—the pulse of his heart—the joy of his prosperity, and the only solace of his misfortunes. Her dying request was to be buried in the land of his nativity—the South, and he was accordingly carrying her thither. Thus he continued for miles, when the passengers, seeing that he was exhausting himself, tried to persuade him to leave the coffin and take some refreshment. But he repeatedly declared that nothing should separate him from his beloved,—that he would never leave her, and then he would clasp the coffin to his breast and cover it with kisses. Just at this moment the conductor came up, and all the facts were soon explained to him by one of the bystanders. Public corporations are said to "have no soul," and it seemed on this occasion that their representatives were equally devoid of that necessary article, for the officer alluded to not only failed to manifest any sympathy for the sorrows of his fellow mortal, but even had the effrontery to order that the grief-stricken husband should be forced away from the body of his wife, and that the coffin should be opened,—at the same time muttering something about traitors, hypocrisy, contraband, &c. When the husband heard this cruel order he burst into fresh paroxysms of grief, and declared that he would die before he would leave the body. But, finally, in spite of his outcries, he was dragged away—the coffin was opened by the conductor, and the bystanders crowding around beheld—not the "remains" of "my dear wife"—but—pistols, packages of opium, military buttons, laudanum, and innumerable other contraband articles. It is perhaps useless to say that all proper care was taken of the tender-hearted "better half" and his "beloved"—the "mother of his children," etc., although it pains me to chronicle the fact that no attention whatever was paid to her "dying request," but the body was taken back to Louisville and decently interred in the—custom-house.

A. S. WILLIS.

SWEARING A CONTRABAND.

The following description of the swearing of a contraband is from a letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer from a member of Company K, First Iowa Cavalry:—

"Innumerable questions were being propounded to him, when the corporal advanced, observing,

"'See here, Dixie, before you can enter the service of the United States, you must be sworn.'

"'Yes, massa, I do dat,' he replied when the corporal continued,

"'Well, then, take hold of the Bible,' holding out a letter envelope upon which was delineated the Goddess of Liberty standing upon a Suffolk pig, wearing the emblem of our country. The negro grasped the envelope cautiously with his thumb and forefinger, when the corporal proceeded to administer the oath by saying:

"'You do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States, and see that there are no grounds floating upon the coffee at all times.'

"'Yes, massa, I do dat,' he replied, 'I allers settles him in de coffee-pot.'

"Here he let go of the envelope to gesticulate by a downward thrust of his forefinger the direction that would be given to the coffee-grounds for the future.

"'Never mind how you do it,' shouted the corporal, 'but hold on to the Bible.'

"'Lordy massa, I forgot,' said the negro, as he darted forward and grasped the envelope with a firmer clutch, when the corporal continued,

"'And you do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of all the loyal States, and not spit upon the plates when cleaning them, or wipe them with your shirt sleeve.'

"Here a frown lowered upon the brow of the negro, his eyes expanded to their largest dimensions, while his lips protruded with a rounded form, as he exclaimed:

"'Lordy, massa, I neber do dat. I allers washes him nice. Ole missus mighty 'ticler 'bout dat.'

"'Never mind ole missus,' shouted the corporal, as he resumed; 'and you do solemnly swear that you will put milk in the coffee every morning, and see that the ham and eggs are not cooked to much or too little.'

"'Yes, I do dat; I'se a good cook.'

"'And lastly continued the corporal, 'you do solemnly swear that when this war is over you'll make tracks for Africa almighty fast.'

"'Yes, massa, I do dat. I allers wanted to to go to Chee-cargo.'

"Here the regimental drums beat up for dress parade, when Tom Benton—that being his name—was declared duly sworn in and commissioned as chief cook in Company K, of the First Iowa Cavalry."

☞ Huntsman of Attercliff, near Sheffield (England), was the first, in 1760, to make cast-steel. He kept his process secret for ten years afterwards.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE IN PERSIA.

When a poor man has a pretty daughter about eleven or twelve years old—the age at which Persian ladies are supposed to have matrimonial views—a marriage broker waits upon him, and endeavors to strike a bargain for her. The broker, generally a moolah or priest, will perhaps offer from two to four hundred tomaums, or, say, from one to two hundred pounds English money, as a fair price for a young lady. The bargain completed, the girl probably becomes a wife of some khan, rich enough to afford himself such a luxury, and to give the broker a handsome profit on the transaction. It is usually all a matter of business, and a man posting up his accounts at the end of the year might note down that upon such a day he bought a lady, pretty much as if he had purchased a fine Turcoman horse or an English rifle; only the price of the two latter articles would be considerably higher than that of the first. It is seldom that either of the parties have previously seen each other, so that the lifting of the veil upon the wedding day may be a delightful surprise, or a gloom of disappointment, according to circumstances.

A Persian bride, when first bought, is a queer little body, fattened up with rice and sweetmeats for the occasion, and sadly besmeared with cosmetics. Collyrium has been put into her eyes to make them dark and languishing, and they are also elongated by some means, so that they may have the shape of almonds. Her hair is dyed of a coal black by indigo, or of a reddish brown by indigo and henna mixed with it, according to her own fancy or that of the broker. Her eyebrows are plastered, and painted so thickly that they look like a large piece of court-plaster cut into arches stuck upon her face. I say a large piece, because they are joined artificially by a thick line across the nose. Her cheeks are painted in excessively bright colors, and two shiny locks of hair, gummed together, are stuck fast on each side of them in the shape of number sixes, placed the wrong way. Her hands and feet, finger nails, and toe nails, are dyed a light mahogany color with henna. She has no more shape or figure than a bolster. Poor little thing! She plays such tricks with herself generally, that at twenty she is an old woman, with her skin all shrivelled and burnt up by caustics and poisoned pricks of needles.

This odd undersized creature waddles about the apartment of her new lord in the finest and largest trowsers possible. She puts on a great many pairs of them, and is as proud of the size of her legs as a British damsel is of the size of her crinoline. She wears a smart embroidered jacket with short sleeves, and a pretty chemisette of some light white silk material, embroidered with gold threads; but her arms, and legs, and neck are bare. She hangs upon her little person as many jewels, gold coins, and trinkets as she can possibly get at. She is especially fond of pearls and diamonds, but is not particular as to their beauty or value; a diamond is a diamond for her, whatever flaw it may have; a pearl is a pearl, whatever its shape or color may be. She is very fine, but never elegant. Her mind is entirely uncultivated. She has neither education nor accomplishments; but she has a good deal of flowery talk about roses and nightingales, with an under-current of strange roundabout wit and drollery. There is an utter want of delicacy and modesty in her conversation. She knows a great many things which she ought not to know, and child as she is in years, she would outwit the wisest man who ever wore a gray beard.

One of the first visits she receives after her marriage will most probably be from her father, who will tell her that his home is cold and cheerless since she left it, and that her mother is getting old. This pathetic appeal is certain to touch her heart, and she will employ the first money she can coax out of her husband, to buy her father a new young wife.

Indeed, the proceeding of taking a lady on a short lease, is common even among Christians residing in Persia. A friend of mine informed me that he visited Vanneck, a village near Tehran, some years ago, for the purpose of making a marriage of this kind. He and a companion sat down under a tree, smoking kaleons, while the village damsels under command of the priest filed past for inspection. When his choice was fixed, the lease was drawn out in due form. Forty tomaums (a high rent, about twenty pounds) was paid for dresses and fine clothes, and thirty tomaums more were agreed upon as the price of divorce. The average price of an Armenian lady is from ten to fifteen tomaums. They are horribly coarse and ugly. The small-pox makes shocking ravages among them, too.

Boys usually marry between twelve and fourteen. They frequently marry their cousins, but the race does not degenerate in consequence, as it has been clearly ascertained to do in other countries.

Children are not the source of embarrassment even to poor people, that they are supposed sometimes to be in more civilized countries. There need be no anxiety at all about them, indeed. They can always pick up rice enough to live somewhere, and the family of a rich man is often far too numerous for his children to expect to be rich men too.

The shah, however, is under some difficulty occasionally in finding a new wife. A shah sent to one of the great khans to propose for his daughter, a very beautiful woman. But her father begged that she might be excused so inconvenient an honor, for that when his Majesty had enjoyed her society for a month he would probably forget all about her, and she must then, according to custom, remain in a state of widowhood for the rest of her life. A shah being an awful person in Persia, his Majesty is said to have expressed such resentment at being crossed in his caprice, that for a long time the khan did not dare to marry his daughter to any one.

There appears to be no such thing as a mesalliance in Persia. One of the innumerable sons of Fat ali Shah fell in love with a very old and ugly woman in humble life.—The king tried to joke the young man out of this strange fancy. "Ah, sir," replied the prince, "if you could only see her with my eyes!" This vague answer of sententious Oriental flavor was considered to settle the affair completely, and to reply to all objections: which perhaps it did. Even the present king has illustrated the prevailing sentiment of his subjects very prettily. His queen and favorite wife, Gelran, or she-Antelope, was a peasant's daughter, who attracted his Majesty's attention one day as he rode through a village, and whom he has loved ever since with an unchanging affection and most manly tenderness. His passion for her appears to be the master feeling of his life. Once upon a great day, when her son was proclaimed heir-apparent to the throne, and when all his woman-kind appeared before him arrayed in their best apparel, his quick eye saw at once that she was not among them; turning coldly away from the rest, he asked, "Where is the Khanum?" No festival could be a festival without her, and there was no light for him in his palace or his court until she came.

Persians have not the same jealousy about their women as the Turks have. If you are really intimate with a man, he would be very likely to introduce you to his wife; and the anteroom is by no means classed like the harem.

The women's apartments are usually very dirty and slovenly, untidy, and out of order. Beautiful china, cut glass, gold trays, and jewelled pipes, everything to eat, everything to drink, the sweetmeats, the sherbets, the coffee, the tea, the fruit, are equally and abominably dirty.

There is great license in manners at Teheran: women of highest rank pay visits to men without scruple: usually coming dressed like beggars, to avoid observation. The visits of ladies to each other are interminable. They call at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, and stop all day, smoking and eating and bragging about their clothes and their husbands.

Public scandals are rare. If a husband should be too inquisitive, he is apt to be poisoned; and if a lover should be indiscreet, he may chance to be short-lived. A great khan was stabbed by an unseen hand in broad daylight not long ago, at Tabreez, for boasting of a love affair.

Owing to the almost unrestrained liberty they enjoy, women mix themselves up with everything in Persia; nothing is done without them; they have immense political influence; and they, with the wretched tribe of beldames and fortune-tellers who hang about the anterooms, overturn viziers and ministers at will.

Human life is held cheap in Persia; and the majesty of death has neither awe nor terrors there. A criminal who has been executed will be left a ghastly and a fearful object in the market-place, for the dogs to gnaw at. My horse has often stumbled and shied at the uncanny thing; but the heedless crowd, any one of whom might be singled out in a minute for the same fate, pass by jesting or unconcerned.

☞ A correspondent at Nashville thus illustrates the condition of that city when our troops occupied it:—"Imagine seventy-seven Sundays rolled into one, and into one town, and somebody dead in every house of it, and every inhabitant of it grieving at a graveyard, and even then you will fail to feel the silent and appalling gloom that shrouds the city of Nashville at this moment." Nashville must be a good lively place to live in about this time, and a vaudeville theatre and a few ball-rooms could not fail to do well!

☞ A milkman was awoke by a wag in the night with the announcement that his best cow was choking. He forthwith jumped up to save the life of his animal, when, lo! he found a turnip in the mouth of his pump.

☞ It is so utterly impossible to blink the facts of Gen. Floyd's career, that we understand, even among the Confederates themselves, every member of his staff is designated an Aid-de-Scamp.

☞ "Dost thou clean my furniture, fair handmaiden?" asked X. of his pretty servant who was polishing his escritore. "I *dust*," replied the handmaiden.

☞ The mind of children is the tenderest, holiest thing this side of heaven. And is it not to be approached with gentleness, with love, yea, with a heart-worship of the great God from whom, in almost angel innocence, it has proceeded? A creature undefiled by the taint of the world, unvexed by its injustice, unwearied by its hollow pleasures. A being fresh from the source of light, with something of universal lustre in it. If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that, in its onward growth, it shall be no other! To stand as a watcher at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter it.

☞ Professor Agassiz has been lecturing in Boston on the "lobster," and is gradually working his way down to the "oyster," after which he will turn his attention to "the bounding clam."

☞ "I DON'T SEE IT."—Lord Nelson is undoubtedly the author of this slang phrase. At the celebrated naval battle of Copenhagen, Nelson, who was determined to continue the fight, but whose attention had been called to a signal of the commanding officer to cease hostilities, placed his hand over his good eye, and pretending to look with his blind one, said,—"I don't see it," and at once ordered a brisk renewal of the engagement.

☞ Put two persons in the same bedroom, one of whom has the toothache, and the other is in love, and the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

☞ Said a teacher to a playful child:—"What would you have been without your pious father and mother?" The little rogue replied, "I suppose, ma'am, I should have been an orphan!"

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

SERIOUSLY CONTESTED BATTLE—THE UNION TROOPS VICTORIOUS.

Unlike some others, the triumph of the Union arms in the recent conflict near Winchester, Va., grows in importance and emphasis as the facts are more clearly made known. The N. Y. Tribune condenses the most material of the facts as follows:

On Saturday afternoon last, the southward pickets of the Union forces near Winchester were suddenly driven in by a strong force of rebel cavalry, behind which advanced rapidly to the attack twelve regiments of infantry and four or five batteries of artillery. The total rebel force that engaged our troops that night is stated at 7,000 infantry, 1,200 cavalry and perhaps 1,000 artillery; while Gen. Garnett, with 5,000 more, reinforced them next morning.

The Union troops are stated by General Shields at "7,000 or 8,000 strong:" and all but 500 were of his division. They were inferior to the rebels in artillery and cavalry, but perhaps equal to them in infantry. Only a small portion of them were ever before engaged in a serious conflict. The attack was entirely unexpected by our troops, though the rebels in Winchester would seem to have had a hint of it, as many of them were dressed as if for a holiday, and all appeared to be heeding the new telegraphic maxim—"Act as if you had received very good news."

Gen. Banks, commander of the army corps in the Valley of the Shenandoah, was absent, unsuspecting an attack; Gen. Shields was severely wounded at the outset. The hour was so late that darkness soon arrested the combat, the enemy having captured a few pickets only, and the fight having been confined to a few exchanges of shells. The two armies lay on their arms facing each other through the night—the rebels evidently surprised and somewhat disconcerted by the bold front of the Unionists, as they had been told that Winchester had been all but evacuated by our troops, and expected to enter it in triumph without meeting serious resistance.

The rebels renewed the action on Sunday morning, making an effort to turn the Union right by a heavy fire of artillery and a feigned attack on our left. Their cannon, superior in number (28 to 24), were advantageously posted; their infantry were covered by woods and a high stone wall. The rebel right was driven back half a mile by an infantry charge, but gained a strong position whence, by the help of their artillery, they regained all they had lost. A heavy cannonade and fusillade was kept up by both parties till 3 P. M., without heavy loss, though the armies were for the most part but three or four hundred yards apart, and at times still nearer. At 3 the infantry of the rebel left debouched from the woods and charged our right, intending to capture the battery there stationed. Their first charge nearly succeeded, but was repelled by a storm of grapeshot. A second and still weaker charge was more easily repulsed; and then Gen. Tyler, commanding our left, ordered an advance on the rebel batteries in his front. Two charges were successively repelled with slaughter, but the third prevailed, routing the rebels who opposed it, and capturing two guns and four caissons. *Of the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania, which led this charge, Col. Murray and 26 other men were killed, and 83 wounded—in all 109, out of the 300 who followed its standard into the battle.*

This success decided the fate of the battle. The rebel left was utterly broken, and fled, whereupon their centre wavered and gave ground. An attempt to retrieve the day by a charge of the rebel right utterly failed, an Irish battalion, which was pushed forward in advance, utterly refusing to fire on the Unionists. One account says that 40 of the 150 composing this battalion were killed or wounded—we trust not by Union bullets.—They certainly were not fired on from our side if their position was understood.

Fifteen hundred muskets were thrown away by the flying rebels, and picked up by our pursuing troops. Gen. Shields reports the Union loss at 150 killed, and 300 wounded: that of the rebels at 500 killed, and 1,000 wounded, of whom he had 300 prisoners.

Gen. Banks, who was on his way to Washington, returned to Winchester on the first tidings of the fight, and directed the pursuit of the flying rebels. He had followed them five miles beyond Strasburg on Monday, constantly harassing them, and increasing their demoralization.

GENERAL SHIELDS' DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—The following dispatch from Gen. Shields to Senator Rice, dated Winchester, to-day, was read in the Senate this afternoon:—

"On the morning of the 23d, my command, 7,000 to 8,000 strong, was attacked near this place by Jackson, with eleven regiments of infantry, the Irish battalion, about 1,500 cavalry, and twenty-eight pieces of artillery. After a severe fight the enemy were put in complete rout, leaving behind two pieces of cannon, four caissons, and a large number of small arms, besides about 300 prisoners. Our loss is 150 killed, 300 wounded. The enemy's loss is 500 killed, and 1,000 wounded.

WINCHESTER, March 26, P. M. We expect to obtain a list of the killed and wounded, on both sides, to-night.

Captain A. H. Brown, of the Fourth Ohio, has been appointed Deputy Provost Marshal here.

A committe of citizens, in conjunction with the Mayor and Provost Marshal, have buried all the rebel dead which have been brought to town. Eighty-five were buried on the battle field, and one hundred and twenty-three on the roadside between here and Strasburg.

Two hundred and thirty-five prisoners have been sent to Baltimore. Others are on their way here.

A messenger of Strasburg says that General Johnston was to have joined Jackson at Strasburg, but subsequently sent him word that he could not join him till Monday night, and their combined forces would have amounted to from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand. The rebels were endeavoring to keep Gen. Banks from moving to another point, but Jackson, being falsely informed that our troops had nearly all left Winchester, hazarded his fatal advance alone.

Thousands of persons are visiting the battle ground, and bringing off mementoes of the terrible fight.

Our pickets are six miles beyond Strasburg. Jackson was not in sight. All the fences, trees, and ground along the route show the terrible effect of our artillery on the retreating enemy.

General Shields' arm has been reset. His condition is now comfortable, and he will probably be able to resume active duties in two weeks.

CONGRATULATIONS OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—The following dispatch was telegraphed to General Shields to-day:—

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington, March 26, 1862.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHIELDS:—Your two dispatches relating to the brilliant achievement of the forces under your command have been received.

While rejoicing at the success of your troops, deep commiseration and sympathy are felt for those who have been victims in the gallant and victorious contest with treason and rebellion.

Your wounds, as well as your success, prove that Lander's brave division is still bravely led, and that wherever its standard is displayed, the rebels will be routed and pursued.

To you, and to the officers and soldiers under your command, the Department returns its thanks. EDWIN M. STANTON,
(Signed) Secretary of War.

WINCHESTER, March 25.—The details of the fight on Sunday record more deeds of personal heroism and daring than any battle in history.

Captain Robt. C. Schriber, Aid and Inspector of Gen. Banks' division, while riding to the crest of a hill to the left of Stone Edge, in company with two orderlies, was attacked by five rebel cavalry, who emptied their revolvers, killing the two orderlies. Captain Schriber charged on them, running one through to the hilt of the sword, and received a ball through his cap; but he escaped unhurt.

Major Delevan D. Perkins, the Chief of Gen. Banks' staff, was mainly instrumental in planning the attack, and performed deeds of skill and valor. Major Perkins is a native of the state of New York, and is a Captain in the Fourth United States Artillery.

The twelve rebel regiments engaged were all Virginians, including the First, Second, Fourth, Thirteenth, Twenty-third, Forty-second, and Thirty-second Virginia Regiments, and one Provisional and one Irish Regiment. They had the assistance of Ashby's Cavalry, and two 6-gun batteries, one 6-gun battery, and one 4-gun battery, making twenty-six guns, among which were some of the captured Bull Run pieces.

The four color-bearers of the Fifth Ohio were successively killed, when Capt. Whitcomb seized the colors, and prepared, sword in hand, to defend them. He fell with a shot through the head.

A youthful rebel fell, receiving two wounds in the breast. When he was approached by one of our officers, he inquired if the officer knew Gen. Banks. He received an affirmative reply. "Tell him I want to take the oath of allegiance," said the boy, "for I have three brothers in the United States service, and want them to know that I die true to the Union."

GEN. SHIELDS' ORDER.

HEAD QUARTERS OF SHIELDS' DIVISION,
WINCHESTER, March 26.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 11.—Brig.-General Shields congratulates the officers and soldiers of his Division upon the glorious victory achieved by them on the 23rd instant, near Winchester, Va.

They defeated an enemy whose forces outnumbered theirs, and who were considered the bravest and best disciplined of the Confederate army.

He also congratulates them that it has fallen to their lot to open the campaign on the Potomac. The opening has been a splendid success. Let them inscribe "Winchester" upon their banners, and prepare for other victories. (Signed)
Brigadier-General SHIELDS.

The following, as near as can be ascertained at present, are the numbers of the wounded in the battle on Sunday:—

In the Seventh Ohio,	35
" Twenty-ninth Ohio,	8
" Fifth Ohio,	16
" Sixty-ninth Ohio,	24
" Eighth Ohio,	19
" Seventh Indiana,	11
" Thirteenth Indiana,	13
" Fourteenth Indiana,	12
" Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania,	40
" One-hundred-and-tenth Pennsylvania,	36
" First Virginia (loyal),	0
" Twenty-eighth New York,	1
" First Ohio Battery,	1
" Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania,	1
" Fifth Connecticut,	3
" Third Wisconsin,	1

The lists of killed have not yet been received, but the numbers are believed to have reached 105.

GEN. BANKS' GENERAL ORDER.

The following is Major-General Banks' General Order relative to the battle of Sunday:—

HEAD-QUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
STRASBURG, March 26.

The Commanding General of the Fifth Army Corps congratulates the officers and soldiers of General Shields' Division, and especially its gallant commander, on the auspicious and decisive victory gained over the rebels on the 23rd instant.

The Division has already received renown against the superior forces of a subtle and barbarous enemy. (Signed,)
N. P. BANKS.

The rebels, under Jackson, are supposed to be at Edinburg, 17 miles South-West of Strasburg (where Gen. Banks is), and West of the Blue Ridge. It is connected by a turnpike with Staunton, on the present railroad line of the rebel defences.

☞ The English University cap is sometimes called a "trencher," from its resemblance to a plate probably.

☞ LADY POLK.—The largest rifle gun the Confederates had at Columbus was called "Lady Polk," in honor of his Reverence, General Polk. It burst.

☞ There are great men enough to incite us to aim at true greatness, but not enough to make us fancy that God could not execute His purposes without them.

☞ Eleven-inch guns are common in the American navy. No Armstrong gun has yet been made with a bore larger than ten and a half inches.

☞ ROARS OF LAUGHTER.—Prentice asks does anybody in the South hear now the echoes of "the roars of laughter" with which the rebels at Montgomery greeted President Lincoln's proclamation of last April?

☞ IMAGINARY WANTS.—If we create imaginary wants, why do we not create imaginary satisfactions? It were the happier frenzy of the two to be like the mad Athenian, who thought all the ships that came into the harbor to be his own, than be still tormenting ourselves with insatiable desires.

☞ A wag recommends that when you are walking on a rainy day, and see a tall man without an umbrella, you offer him a shelter, and having "taken him in," hang your umbrella upon his hat, and, clinging to the handle, swing yourself clear of the mud. Of course he will be too polite to say anything about it.

☞ They have an icicle estimated at forty feet long and four feet diameter at Worcester, Massachusetts.

☞ "Down with the Yankees!" exclaims the New Orleans Delta, to which Prentice responds, "Don's be impatient—you'll find they will be *down* soon enough for your comfort."

The Rebel Batteries at Island No. 10.

A letter writer says of dodging the rebel balls:—

Odd as it may sound, the thing is actually done. A raking cross-fire from two directions interfered with the sport of some of the more adventurous of the spectators, who, while they might dodge the balls of one, were glad to beat a retreat when they were obliged to watch two. The manner of it is this:—At long ranges a considerable interval elapses between the time when the flash of the gun is first seen and the arrival of the projectile. At a distance of two miles this is as long as ten or twelve seconds.

The instant, therefore, the flash is seen at the rebel battery, the amateurs dodge and squat behind the pilot or wheel-house. In another moment the ball rushes past, and he looks abroad for another. This is tolerably safe protection when the fire is slow, and any moderately active person can thus dodge a cannon ball.

THE REBEL BATTERIES.

An exploration on Monday led to the discovery of no less than five other batteries along the shore fronting our anchorage, and upon which we must move in order to round the point. Up to this time the guns in these batteries have been counted, and foot up as follows, counting down the river:—

Battery No. 1	7 guns.	Battery No. 4	4 guns.
Battery No. 2	8 guns.	Battery No. 5	
Battery No. 3	4 guns.	Battery No. 6	10 guns.
On the Island, one large battery			17 guns.
On the Island, (north side,) one large battery			4 guns.
Floating battery anchored abreast			16 guns.
Total			79 guns.

There are besides, two or three gunboats, partially armed, which are below the island.

HOW THE BOATS STOOD THE FIRING.

The Benton (flag ship) was struck by five or six shot, with various results. Shot No. 1 in importance crashed through the boiler-plated roof, rebounded from the deck, and finally dropped upon a stand on the deck, where it remains as a trophy.

Another 8-inch solid shot struck the forward bulwarks point blank, a few inches from the port-hole. It made an indentation of one-third its diameter, and broke into fragments. The iron casing seems strong enough to resist large solid shot *at that distance.* A third passed through the smoke-stack, scratched a hole into the boiler-plate, and rolled harmlessly down to the chicken coops. Others struck her hull and plated sides, and glanced off, the stroke being quite palpable to all on board.

THE MONSTER MORTARS.

The monster mortars which accompany the expedition are so novel and effective that a further description of them may be useful. Imagine then, if you can, a hole thirteen inches in diameter, with seventeen inches of solid iron poured around it, five feet long, and the depth of the bore three feet, and you have a tolerably good idea of one of our mortars. Into this great engine of war is placed, first of all, a large scoop or shovel full of powder, twenty-five pounds, or an ordinary powder keg full, tied in a flannel bag, then covered by a peculiar kind of wadding. After this one of the enormous bombs, weighing when filled over 220 pounds, in which is placed a metallic fuse. The bag is pierced, the mortar is adusted to the proper angle of inclination, and the right direction attained first by the general position of the boat, and in a minor degree by the training of the carriage. The gunners stand back behind the tarpaulins, the concussion is so tremendous as to endanger their sight and hearing, when exposed; the match is applied, and away goes the messenger of death, hissing along in its fiery course. The mortar-boat meanwhile is covered with dense smoke of "villainous saltpetre," which slowly drifts away. The great thunderer sits there, a few paces to the rear, a light smoke faintly curling from his cavernous mouth, as if nothing had happened. In a few minutes, he is sponged out and is ready for another charge.

BAD NEWS FROM NEW MEXICO—CAPTURE OF SANTA FE BY THE REBELS.—We have dispatches from Santa Fe to March 10. The Texans have taken Santa Fe. The American merchants with their families have fled, mainly to Fort Union—distance one hundred miles east.

Major Donelson, first aid to Col. Canby, conspicuous at the battle of Valverde, reached Kansas City, March 25th, en route for Washington. The object of his visit is to urge forward reinforcements.

No opposition was made to the entrance of the Texans into Santa Fe, as all our troops were at Fort Craig, with Col. Canby, or at Fort Union, under the command of Major Paul, U. S. A.

Major Donelson had previously sent to Fort Union all the government property, commissary stores, &c.

The Texans in Santa Fe generally respected private property, but they seized the books of some of the leading merchants.

Fort Union is a well fortified earthen work, in an open plain, and will make a strong defence.

The losses of the American merchants at Santa Fe must be large, as they had heavy stocks of goods sent out to the sutlers, to supply the army. It is due to these merchants that the United States government should use every effort to protect them.

☞ May a Judge who retires from the bench be said to lay down the law?

☞ Speaking of the talk of the rebels about retiring to their mountain fastnesses, and carrying on a war of extermination, the Louisville Journal very pertinently remarks that the secession leaders are not made of the stuff that forms Marions and Schamyls, and the rank and file will be glad enough to get back to their allegiance after this year's bedevilment. And in the next place, in contradistinction to all other rebellions in the world's history, the mountain districts are completely and thoroughly loyal.

☞ The Northampton (Mass.) Courier says that at a late wedding in an adjoining town, the bride, who had just espoused her third husband, requested the guests to sing the hymn of which her first husband was "so fond," commencing, "Hark from the tombs." Phancy the phelinks of the happy bridegroom.

☞ Among the letters found by our soldiers in the rebel camp on Roanoke Island, was one from a young lady in the South to her lover in the rebel army, in which she says:—"I hope we shall see each other again; but if we do not, I hope we shall be in Heaven, where there will be *no Yankees.*"

☞ An Iowa regiment has a rule that any man who utters an oath, shall read a chapter in the Bible. Several have got nearly through the Old Testament!

☞ The one hundred and fourth thousand of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy has been published in London.

GUNNY BAGS.

What is a gunny bag? The London Mechanic's Magazine tells us all about it. It is a bag made from the coarse spun fibres of a plant which grows in India, of which there are many varieties. On the Coromandel coast this plant is called Goni, and "gunny" is a corruption of this name. The cultivation of the chuti, jute, or "gunny," has been carried on for centuries in Bengal, and gives employment to tens of thousands of inhabitants. "Men, women and children," says Dr. Healy, "find occupation there."

Boatmen in their spare moments, plankeen carriers, and domestic servants; everybody being Hindoos, for Musselmen spin cotton only—pass their leisure moments, distaff in hand, spinning gunny twist." The patient and despised Hindoo widow earns her bread in this way. It is said that 300,000 tons of jute are grown in India, of which 100,000 tons are exported as gunny bags, besides 100,000 in a raw state. A London company has established a manufactory in Calcutta at an expense of £300,000.

The gunny bag is used for a great variety of purposes. Sugar, coffee, spices, cotton, drugs; indeed, almost every article which we pack in dry casks and in boxes is, in the east, packed in gunny bags. It is also made into mats, carpets, ropes, paper, and various other articles. It is related that the old gunny bags which contained sugar are sold to the beer makers, who sweeten their beer by boiling the sugar out of the bags and then selling them to the mat makers.

Some 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 gunnies are exported to this country from India, mostly in North America, besides some 4,000 to 5,000 tons of the rope and raw jute. There are no manufactories of the jute cloth in this country; but it is here made into bed-cords, &c. When used for purposes of defence, the bags are filled with sand. They are no better than hemp or flax bags of the same strength, but much cheaper.

MR. SEWARD ON THE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following letter, addressed by Mr. Seward to Mr. Harper Twelvetrees, who presided at a Peace Rejoicing Meeting in London, appears in the English papers:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 14, 1862.

Dear Sir—I acknowledge with sincere pleasure the reception of your letter of the 17th of January, and also of the proceedings of a public meeting which was held on the 11th of that month, in the Tower Hamlets, on the subject of the relations between your country and mine. It is very gratifying to me to be assured, as I am by those proceedings, that the course which this Government has adopted in regard to a question of neutral rights in maritime war, is approved of by a large and respectable portion of the British public. The policy of the American people, sir, is a policy of peace at home, peace abroad, peace with all nations—a policy of freedom for themselves, of freedom in their extending empire, and a policy hopeful of, and conducive to, the ultimate freedom of all classes and conditions of men. Whoever shall wage war against the American people will find themselves obliged, not only to commit the first wrong, but to become, when they unties the contest, the enemies, not only of order, peace and progress on this continent, but of human nature itself. With many thanks for your great courtesy, and with best wishes, now as always, for the prosperity and happiness of all your countrymen, I have the honor to be your most obedient servant, WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

LAMENTABLE EXPLOSION.

The fireworks and cartridge manufactory of Prof. Samuel Jackson, in this city, blew up again on the 20th. The effect was terrible. Four or five of those employed by him were instantly killed—their limbs being blown in all directions. In one instance a head was found a square distant. About forty other persons—principally females—were more or less injured. The surrounding property suffered by the breaking of glass, &c. Prof. Jackson was manufacturing cartridges for the Government. His own son was among the killed.

SLAVERY IN SURINAM.—A Surinam paper of the 15th ult. says:

"The slave question in the Dutch West India colonies has been settled. All slaves in those colonies will be set free on the 1st of July, 1863, under the following conditions:

"1. Compensation of three hundred guilders for each slave—man, woman or child—to be paid to the owner.

"2. Slaves to remain under apprenticeship on the estates for a term of three years, during which time they are to be paid wages for their work, half of such wages to accrue to the government.

"The Dutch Government will grant three millions of guilders per annum for immigration."

We believe the value of a guilder is about 39 cents of our money. The "immigration" alluded to is probably that of coolies, &c., to add to the number of laborers.

LEARNING TO CHEW TOBACCO.—A short time since a Baltimore policeman observed a horse and wagon standing in the street, apparently without an owner. After making inquiry, and finding that no owner was near, he took possession of it. On getting on the wagon he discovered, lying on the bed of it, a negro boy, in an unconscious state. Under the impression that the boy was suffering from apoplexy, or some terrible fit, he removed him to the Eastern District Police-Station. A physician was called, who administered an emetic, when the boy recovered sufficiently to state the cause of his illness.—He has been anxious for some time to become proficient in the use of the weed. In the course of the morning he got well, but left the station remarking that he was willing to suffer, and would learn to chew.

A PROMISING FAMILY.—A business gentleman, residing on Long Island, has been recently presented with a large family under rather astonishing circumstances. He is now living with his third wife, the other two having died childless; but, although his last marriage was less than four years ago, he has twelve children, all alive and well. At the first birth his wife presented him with one child, at the second with two, at the third with two, at the fourth with three, and at the fifth with four, each weighing over 7 pounds each. Eight nurses are constantly employed in attending to the cares of this promising family. The father is an auctioneer, and ought to change his cry to "coming."

GREAT BETHEL OCCUPIED.—On the 27th ult., our troops occupied Great Bethel, the rebels, fifteen hundred strong, leaving in haste upon the approach of our soldiers. Great, or Big Bethel, is about three miles beyond Little Bethel, and twelve miles from Hampton, on the road from Fortress Monroe to Yorktown. It is one of the numerous insignificant localities brought prominently into notice since the commencement of the Rebellion, and on the 10th of June, of last year, was the site of a severe engagement, in which the gallant Greble and Winthrop fell.

LATEST NEWS.

BOMBARDMENT OF ISLAND NO. 10.

THE FIGHT RENEWED WITH VIGOR.

AFFAIRS IN TENNESSEE.

PENSACOLA AND THE FORTS EVACUATED.

Preparations of the Rebels to Defend N. Orleans

THE WAR IN ARKANSAS.

A SKIRMISH IN MISSOURI.

BEAUFORT, N. C., OCCUPIED, &c.

Bombardment of Island No. 10.

CAIRO, March 28.—(Special to the Chicago Times.)—An arrival from Island No. 10, yesterday, reported that the effect of our fire on the rebel batteries was very serious, and the upper battery was entirely silenced. Sixty-nine men have been killed, and 20 or 30 more killed on the Island.

ST. LOUIS, March 29.—The Democrat's Cairo dispatch says:—The steamer Dickey went down to the fleet yesterday heavily laden with ordnance and commissary stores. Four fifty-pound navy cannon were taken down for the gunboat Benton; also hand grenades to repel boarding parties.

Persons from New Madrid report that several rebel transports and gunboats came up within range of our Riddle Point batteries on Wednesday, and opened fire; but they were compelled to retreat after a short engagement.

The Grampus is the only rebel gunboat above our blockade, which is constantly on the alert, watching our movements at New Madrid. It is also said the rebels have erected batteries on the opposite side of the river, to prevent Gen. Pope's command from crossing to attack their rear.

CAIRO, March 29.—The bombardment of Island No. 10 was renewed vigorously by Com. Foote's fleet yesterday, and the replies of the rebels seem to indicate that they have received and put in position new guns of longer range than those they have hitherto used during the temporary cessation of active hostilities.

ST. LOUIS, March 30th.—The army correspondence of the Republican, writing under date of Cairo, March 29, says that the firing on Friday at Island No. 10 was quite heavy, the rebels opening from a new battery, mounted, it is supposed, with 128-pounders. The enemy could be seen cutting away the trees, and rapidly pushing forward other means of defence. They seem to have no idea of evacuating at present, and are daily getting more cannon in position. Word reached the fleet last night that four rebel gunboats, partly clad with railroad iron, appeared below Gen. Pope's batteries, at Point Pleasant; but as these batteries extend almost on a continuous line of 15 miles, it is not believed that they can force a passage.

Affairs in Tennessee.

CHICAGO, March 28.—A special dispatch to the Tribune from Cairo, says:—A gentleman from Pittsburg and Savanna, Tenn., arrived here this morning, and furnished the following intelligence:—

On Monday last, a reconnoissance, in force, was made at Pea Ridge, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, where the rebels were said to be fortifying; but no enemy was found.

Our forces are continually augmenting by the arrival of fresh troops.

The latest advices from the rebel camps at Corinth, Mississippi, gives the strength of the forces there at 70,000.

On Sunday last, a force of United States troops was sent to Nicholas Landing, 60 miles south of Savanna, which seized 15,000 pounds of fresh pork and 45,000 pounds of cured hams and shoulders. For a long time this has been the mart for the pork business of the Confederate states army. Within the last two weeks, large quantities have been sent southward by teams.

On Monday an engagement occurred between the gunboats Tyler, Lexington, and a masked battery, in the vicinity of Eastport. The gunboats fired fifty shot. The Tyler's smokestack was struck once. The effect on the enemy's works was not ascertained.

Captains Bedarden and Carson returned to Savanna from Nashville on Tuesday night, overland.

Gen. Buell is in command of the Union forces in Tennessee, and at the latest advices he was within 15 miles of the rebel army under Beauregard. Morgan's rebel cavalry have captured another train on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. It contained several U. S. officers.

Pensacola and the Forts Evacuated.

The rebels have evacuated Pensacola and Forts Barrancas and McRae, and the whole of Florida has been formally abandoned by them. They attempted to take away the Florida troops, but they refused to go. Gen. Sherman has issued a proclamation, from Jacksonville, inviting the people to return to their allegiance, and many do so readily.

The sentiment of Eastern Florida is declared to be loyal, and many are willing to take up arms to defend themselves against rebel tyranny, and on one occasion, when the Regulators were reported as coming, the women even seized arms to protect themselves.

The national troops are treated to every hospitality the town affords, and the people state that they will go with the gunboats if they leave; but measures have been taken to fully protect them.

Preparations to Defend New Orleans.

Great preparations have been made at New Orleans, by the rebels, to resist the attack on that city by Porter's mortar fleet.

The War in Arkansas.

The rebels in Arkansas, under Van Dorn and Price, are said to be weakened and disheartened, and to have retreated beyond the Bouton Mountains, to Van Buren and Fort Smith. They are badly off for clothing and shoes, but are receiving supplies by the Arkansas river, which is now flooded. Pike's Indians having been panic-stricken by our artillery in the recent battle, have been sent back to their homes.

A Skirmish in Missouri.

Our troops in Missouri have had another skirmish with Quantrell's rebel band, and drove them from Warrensburg, killing 9 men, wounding 17, and capturing 27 horses, our loss being 2 men killed and 9 wounded.

Beaufort Occupied.

Gen. Burnside has taken possession of Beaufort, N. C., without opposition, but the rebel garrison in Fort Macon, though surrounded, and cut off from all supplies, still holds out.

Miscellaneous.

On Saturday last, a detachment of our forces made a reconnoissance beyond Warrenton junction, and had a slight skirmish with the rebels, who retreated and burned the Rappahannock bridge.

Shipping Point, on the Potomac, has been occupied by U. S. troops.

Bayard Taylor has accepted the post of Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg.

Gen. Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, is said to have been appointed a Major-General of volunteers.

An arrival from Memphis speaks of a general despondency prevailing there.

From Havana we learn that Yancey was not on board the rebel schooner Mallory, which was captured by our cruisers. He had engaged passage on her but changed to the schooner Break o' Day.

Foreign News.

By the arrival at New York of the steamer New York, from Southampton, we have later news from Europe. The English in Parliament seem to be troubling themselves about the arrest of the Purser of the Sumter, at Tangier. The recent Union successes in the South have produced a favorable effect in the manufacturing districts. The Greek insurgents have proclaimed the son of Victor Emmanuel (the Italian monarch) King of Greece, with the title of Otho the Second.

DICKENS'S GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—*Mr. Editor:*—As it has often been suggested that one of the principal female characters, Miss Haversham, as delineated by Dickens, could never have existed, and was utterly unnatural, I refer your many readers to the two following announcements:

"Died, at her apartments in Oxford street (London) Miss Mary Lydia Lucrine, a maiden lady of genteel fortune, and who some years since, meeting with a disappointment as to matrimony, made a vow 'never to see the light of the sun again;' accordingly the windows of her apartment were closely shut up, and she strictly kept her resolution."

"A few years ago, another lady, who had resolved 'never to see the light of day again,' from a matrimonial disappointment, lived, shut up in darkness (at least she only had a lamp or candle burning), in Charter House street; and this lady, like the above, rigidly kept her maiden vow."

See Annual Register, 1778, Vol. 21, p. 188.
Yours, SYPHAX.
—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ SAVING TREES BY SKINNING THEM ALIVE.—Although the operation of skinning alive by no means contributes to the longevity of eels, it has a marvellous good effect, it is said, upon the life of trees. M. Robert, a Frenchman, has been skinning them by the hundred in France, and they are recovering amazingly from a galloping consumption which it is supposed was being caused by hordes of parisitical insects located in their bark, and which the new system, of course, completely removed. These insects are described as cylophagous, and the most destructive of them the scolytes and the cossus.

☞ A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

☞ Gold beaters, by hammering, produce leaves so thin, that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch.

☞ If a man could have his wishes, he would double his trouble.

☞ Punch says you know a gentleman by his gait—a blackguard by his Billingsgate. Why shouldn't a man be known by his gait?—the country people always say that a good farmer may be known by his *fences*, just as a villain is by his *of-fences*.

☞ A restored invalid was asked by an acquaintance who had not seen her for years, and who was struck with her healthy appearance, what produced so great a change in her condition. "I stopped fretting and took to laughing," was the answer.

☞ We carry our neighbors' crimes in sight, and throw our own over our shoulders.

☞ Charles Lamb records somewhere that the housemaid, having once caught him strumming on the piano, exclaimed, in complimentary surprise, that "she thought it wasn't the cat."

☞ FRENCH AND GERMAN KNAPSACKS.—The knapsacks of the French and German armies are made of calfskins, tanned with the hair left on. They shed the rain better than those formed of plain leather, and they are not so much affected with heat and cold as those made of water-proof fabrics, because the hair is a good non-conductor.

☞ A thrifty wife wonders why the men can't manage to do something useful. Mightn't they as well amuse themselves in smoking hams as smoking cigars?

☞ The editor of the Joliet Signal wants his subscribers to send him bogus dollars, if they have got none of the genuine kind.

☞ The Sandwich Islanders continue to give evidence of rapid progress in civilization. They have a representative system like some white folks, and at a recent election a row occurred in which 5,000 people took part. The Sandwich Islanders began to learn to lie and steal like white people, some time ago.

GEN. BUTLER'S OPERATIONS.—If Gen. Butler has taken Fort Pike, as is rumored, he has got the command of Lake Ponchartrain, and can land troops within fifteen miles of New Orleans, without encountering the forts on the Mississippi. The report, however, needs confirmation. The gun and mortarboats left Key West on the 15th, supposed for New Orleans, and they are just the kind of vessels to be of service on the Lake. The movements from the South towards New Orleans, would indicate that this was the direction of the real attack upon that city, and not down the river. The bombardment at Island No. 10, for the last ten or twelve days, may be only a diversion in favor of the Southern expedition, and intended to keep the rebel troops and gunboats on the Mississippi from concentrating too large a force against Butler. Facts will soon develope the truth of the matter.

A BOY PRISONER.—A St. Louis correspondent relates the following incident in the prison hospital at St. Louis:—A little drummer boy was evidently dying. A lady spoke to him, asking if he wanted anything. "No," was the feeble answer, but with a wistful look at the kind face over him, he said his mother had sent him from Mississippi to fight and defend her home. He did not regret it, but wanted to see his mother. He gave his name and his mother's address, still looking wistfully, as if there was something on his mind. At last he said: "My mother is a good woman, too. She would treat a poor sick prisoner kindly, and if she were with your son, she would kiss him." "I will kiss you, my dear boy, for your mother," said she. She kissed him, and in a few minutes he died.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The birds of passage flew to the north,
They flew through the wild March sky,
With silvery breasts, and dusky wings;
The winds of March blew high.

The busy woodsman leaned on his axe,
And gazed from the sunlit hill,
And northwards turned as they northwards flew,
And gazing, followed them still.

Has he a love in the flowery south,
So fair and far away?
Or flies his heart to a love in the north,
With the passage-birds to-day?

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

GIFTS.

A PARABLE FROM NATURE.

BY MRS. GATTY.

One—two—three—four—five; five neatly-raked kitchen-garden beds, four of them side by side, with a pathway between; and close to the gravel walk, as it was for succession-crops of mustard and cress, which are often wanted in a hurry for breakfast or tea.

Most people have stood by such beds in their own kitchen-gardens on soft spring mornings and evenings, and looked for the coming up of the seeds which either they or the gardener had sown.

Radishes in one, for instance, and of all three sorts—white-turnip, red-turnip, and long-tailed.

Carrots in another; and this bed had been dug very deep indeed—subsoil digging, as it were; two spades' depth, that the roots might strike freely down.

Onions in another. Beets in the fourth; both in the golden and red varieties; while the narrow slip was half mustard and half cress.

Such was the plan here, however; and here, for a time, all the seeds lay sleeping, as it seemed. For, as the long smooth-raked beds stretched out dark and bare under the stars, they betrayed no symptoms of anything going on within.

Nevertheless, there was no sleeping in the case. The little seed-grains were fulfilling the law of their being, each after its kind; the grains, all but their inner germs decaying; the germs swelling and growing, till they rose out of their rotten cradles, and made their way, through their earthen cover-lid, to the light of day.

They did not all come up quite together, of course, nor all quite alike. But as to the time, the gardener had made his arrangements so cleverly, that none was very far behind his neighbor. And as to the difference of shape in the first young leaves, what could it signify? It is true the young mustards were round and thick; the cresses oval and pointed; the carrots mere green threads; the onions sharp little blades; while the beets had an odd, staring look. But they all woke up to the same life and enjoyment, and were all greeted with friendly welcome, as they appeared, by the dew, and light, and sunshine, and breezes so necessary to them all, children of one mother, dependent on the same influences to bring them to perfection.

What *could* put comparisons, and envyings, and heart-burnings into their heads, so filling them either with conceit or melancholy misgivings? As if there was but one way of being right or doing right; as if every creature was *not* good after its kind, but must needs be good after somebody else's kind, or not be good at all!

It must have been some strolling half-informed grub, one would think, who had not yet come to his full senses, who started such foolish ideas.

It began with an inquiry at first, for no actual unkindness was meant.

"I find I get deeper and deeper into the soil every day," remarked the carrot. "I shall be I don't know how long, at last. I have been going down regularly, quite straight for weeks. Then I am tapering off to a long point at the end, in the most beautiful proportions possible. A traveller told me, the other day, this was perfection, and I believe he was right."

(That mischievous vagabond grub, you see!)

"I knew what it was to live near the surface in my young days," he went on; "but never felt solid enjoyment till I stuck deeply down, where all is so rich and warm. This is really being firmly established and satisfactory to one's-self, though still progressing, I hope, for I don't intend to limit myself. Pray tell me," added he, good-naturedly enough, "how it fares with all the rest of you. I should like to know that your roots are as long, and slim, and yellow as mine; doing as well, in fact, and sinking as far down. I wish us to be all perfect alike. Perfection is the great thing to try for."

"When you are sure you are trying in the right way," exclaimed some voices from the neighboring radish-bed (for the red and white turnips would always talk together). "But if long, slim, yellow roots, striking deep into the earth, are your idea of perfection, I advise you to begin life over again. Dear me! I wish you had consulted us before. Why, we stopped going down long ago, and have been spreading out sideways and all ways, into stout, round, solid balls ever since; close white flesh throughout inside, and not yellow, but red without."

"White, he means," shouted another.

"Red, I call it," repeated the first. "But no matter; certainly not yellow!"

And "Certainly not yellow!" cried they all.

"So," continued the chief speaker, "we are quite concerned to hear you ramble on about growing longer and longer, and strongly advise you to keep your own counsel, and not mention it to any one else. We are friends, you know, and can be trusted; but you really must leave off wasting your powers and energy in the dark inside of the ground, out of everybody's sight and knowledge. Come to the surface, and make the most of it, as we do, and then you'll be a credit to your friends. Never mind what the travellers say. They've nothing else to do but walk about and talk, and they tell us we are perfection too. Don't think about them, but about what we tell you, and alter your course at once. Roll yourself up into a firm round ball as fast as you can. You won't find it hard if you once begin. You have only to—"

"Let me put in a word first," interrupted one of the long-tailed radishes in the same bed; "for it is of no use to go out of one extreme into another, which you are on the high road to do if you are disposed to take Mr. Roundhead's advice, who ought to be ashamed, by the way, of forcing his very peculiar views upon his neighbors. Just look at us. We always strike moderately down, so we know it's the right thing to do, and that solid round balls are the most unnatural and useless things in the world. But, on the other hand, my dear friend, we have learnt where to stop, and a great secret it is, but one I fear you know nothing about at present; so the sooner you make yourself acquainted with it the better. There's a limit to everything but folly—even to striking deep into the soil. And as to the soil being better so very deep down, nobody can believe it; for why should it be? The great art is to make the most of what is at hand, as we do. Time enough to go into the depths when you have used up what is so much easier got at. The man who gathered some of us yesterday, called out, 'These are just right.' So I leave you to judge whether some other people we know of must not be wrong."

"You rather overwhelm me, I own," mused the Carrot; "though it's remarkable you do not agree together. Is it possible, however, that I have been making a great mistake all my life? What lost time to look back upon! Yet a ball; no, no, not a ball! I don't think I could grow into a solid round ball were I to try for ever!"

"Not having tried, how can you tell?" whispered the Turnip-Radish persuasively. "But you never will, if you listen to our poor old-fashioned friend next door, who has been halting between two opinions all his life, will neither make an honest fat lump of it, as I do, nor plunge down and taper with you. But nothing can be done without an effort; certainly no change."

"That is true," murmured the Carrot, rather sadly; "but I am too old for further efforts myself. Mistake or no mistake, my fate is fixed. I am too far down to set up again, that's certain. But some of the young ones may try. Do you hear, dears? Some of you stop short, if you can, and grow out sideways and all ways, into stout, round, solid balls."

"Oh, nonsense about round balls!" cried the long-tailed Radish in disgust; "what will the world come to, if this go goes! Listen to me, youngsters, I beg. Go to a moderate depth, and be content; and if you want something to do, throw out a few fibres for amusement. You're firm enough without them, I know, but the employment will pass away time."

"There are strange delusions abroad just now," remarked the Onions to each other; "do you hear all this talk about shape and way of growth? and everybody in the dark on the subject, though they seem to be quite unconscious of the fact themselves. That fellow chatted about solid balls, as if there was no such thing as growing layer upon layer, and coat over coat, at all."

"Of course the very long yellow gentleman, with his tapering root, is most wrong of the party; but I doubt if Mr. Roundhead is much wiser when he speaks of close white flesh inside, and red, of all ridiculous nonsense, without. Where are their flaky skins, I should like to know? Who is ever to peel them, I wonder? Poor things, I can't think how they got into such ways. How tough and obstinate they must be! I wish we lived nearer. We would teach them a little better than that, and show them what to do."

"I have lived near you long enough," grumbled a deep-red Beet next door; "and you have never taught me; neither shall you, if I can help it. A pretty instructor you would be, who think it ridiculous to be red! I suppose you can't grow red yourself, and so abuse the color out of spite. Now I flatter myself I am red inside as well as out, so I suppose I am more ridiculous than the other fellow who contrived to keep himself white within, according to his own account; but I doubt the fact. There, there! it is a folly to be angry; so I say no more, except this: get red as fast as you can. You live in the same soil that I do, and ought to be able."

"Oh, don't call it red," exclaimed the golden variety, who were of a gentle turn of mind; "it is but a pale tint after all, and surely rather amber than red; and perhaps that was what the yellow gentleman meant by the yellow he talked of."

"Perhaps it was; for perhaps he calls red yellow, as you call it amber," answered the other; "anyhow he has rather more sense than our neighbor here, with his layer upon layer, and coat over coat, and flaky skin over all. Think of wasting time in such fiddle-faddle proceedings! Grow a good honest fleshy substance, and have done with it, and let people see you know what life is capable of. I always look at results. It is something to get such a body as I do out of the surrounding soil. That is living to some purpose, I consider. Nobody makes more of their opportunities than I do, I flatter myself, or has more to show for their pains; and a great future must be in store."

"Do you hear them? oh, do you hear them?" whispered the Cress to her neighbor the Mustard (there had been several crops, and this was one of the last). "Do you hear how they talk together of their growth and their roots, and their size, and color, and shape? It makes me quite unhappy, for I am doing nothing like that myself. Nothing, nothing, though I live in the same soil! What is to be done? What do *you* do?" Do you grow great white solid balls, or long, yellow tapering roots, or thick red flesh, or layer upon layer, and coat over coat? Some of them talked of just throwing out a few fibres as a mere amusement to pass away time. And this is all I ever do for business. There will never be a great future in store for me. Do speak to me, but whisper what you say, for I shame to be heard or thought of."

"I grow only fibres too," groaned the Mustard in reply; "but I would spread every way and all ways, if I could. Downwards and upwards, and sideways and all ways, like the rest. I wish I had never been sown. Better never be sown and grown than sown and grown to such a trifling purpose! I am wretched indeed. But there must be injustice somewhere. The soil must give them what it refuses to us."

"Or we are weak and helpless, and cannot take in what it offers," suggested the Cress. "Alas! that we should have been sown only to be useless and unhappy!"

And they wept the evening through. But they alone were not unhappy. The Carrot had become uneasy, and could follow his natural tastes no longer in comfort, for thinking that he ought to be a solid round ball, white inside, and red without. The Onion had sore misgivings that the Beet might be right after all, and a good honest mass of red flesh be more worth laboring for, than the pale, coat-within-coat growth in which he had indulged. It did seem a waste of trouble, a fiddle-faddle plan of life, he feared. Perhaps he had not gone down far enough into the soil. Some one talked of growing fibres for amusement—he had certainly not come to that; they were necessary to his support; he couldn't hold fast without them. Other people were more independent than he was, then, perhaps wiser—alas!

And yet the Beet himself was not quite easy; for talk as he would, what he had called fiddle-faddle seemed ingenious when he thought it over, and he would like to have persuaded himself that he grew layer upon layer too. But it wouldn't do.

Perhaps, in fact, the bold little Turnip-Radishes alone, from their solid substantial growth, were the only ones free from misgivings, and believed that everybody ought to do as they did themselves.

What a disturbance there was, to be sure! And it got worse and worse, and they called on the winds and fleeting clouds, the sun, and moon, and stars above their heads, to stay their course awhile, and declare who was right and who was wrong; who was using, who abusing his gifts and powers; who was making most, who least, of the life and opportunities they all enjoyed; whose system was the one the rest must all strive to follow—the one only right.

But they called and asked in vain, till one evening, the clouds which had been gathering over the garden for days began to come down in rain, and sank swiftly into the ground, where it had been needed for long. Whereupon there was a general cry, "Here comes a messenger; now we shall hear!" as if they thought no one could have any business in the world but to settle their disputes!

So out came the old inquiries again:—who was right—who was wrong—who had got hold of the true secret? But the Cress made no inquiry at all, only shook with fright under the rain; for, thought she, the hour of my shame and degradation is come, poor, useless creature that I am, I shall never more hold up my head.

As to the Carrot, into whose well dug bed the rain found easiest entrance, and sank deepest, he held forth in most eloquent style upon the whole affair;—how it was started, and what he had said; how much he had once hoped; how much he now feared.

Now, the rain-drops did not care to answer in a hurry; but as they came dropping gently down, they murmured, "Peace, peace, peace!" all over the beds. And truly they seemed to bring peace with them as they fell, so that a calm sank all around, and then the murmur proceeded:—"Poor little atoms in a boundless kingdom—each one of you bearing a part towards its fulness of perfection, each one of you endowed with gifts and powers especially your own, each one of you good after its kind—how came these cruel misgivings and heart-burnings among you? Are the tops of the mountains wrong because they cannot grow corn like the valleys? Are the valleys wrong because they cannot soar into the skies? Does the brook flow in vain because it cannot spread out like the sea? Is the sea only right because its waters only are salt? Each good after its kind, each bearing a part in the full perfection of the kingdom which is boundless; the plan which is harmony—peace, peace, peace upon all!"

And peace seemed to fall more soothingly than ever upon the ground, as the shower continued to descend.

"How much more, then," resumed the murmur, "among you, to whose inner nature gifts and powers are given, each different from each; each good in its kind; each, if rightly carried out, bearing a part in that kingdom, which needs, for its full perfection, that there shall be hills to rise into the skies, valleys to lie low at their feet; some natures to go deep into the soil, others to rejoice on its surface; some to lie lightly upon the earth, as if scarcely claiming a home, others to grasp at it by wide-spread roots, and stretch out branches to the rivers; all good in their kind, all bearing a part towards the full perfecting of that kingdom, whose children are countless as their nations are various; none useless, none in vain.

"Upon one, then, upon all—each wanted, each useful, each good after its kind—peace, peace, peace, peace!" * * *

The murmur subsided to a whisper, the whisper into silence; and by the time the moon-shadows lay upon the garden there was peace everywhere.

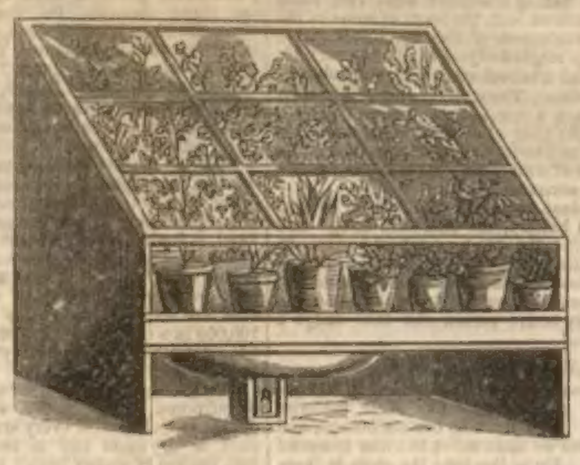
Nor was it broken again; for henceforth even the Cress held up her head, she, also, good after her kind.

Only once or twice, that year, when the Carrots were gathered, there came up the strangest growths! thick, distorted lumps, that had never struck properly down.

The gardener wondered, and was vexed, for he prided himself on the digging of the carrot-bed. "Anything that had had any sense might have gone down into it," he was sure, he said. And he was not far wrong; but you see the Carrot had had no sense when he began to speculate, and tried to be something he was not intended to be.

Yet the poor clumsy thing was not quite useless after all. For, just as the gardener was about to fling it angrily away, he recollected that the cook might use it for soup, though it could not be served up at table such a shape as it was. * * * *

And this was exactly what she did.



A NEW PROPAGATING CASE.

I have no doubt that many have often wished that they had facilities for propagating plants and flowers where bottom heat is necessary, such as starting very early tomato, cabbage and lettuce plants, striking cuttings of grapes, roses, &c., and starting early plants for the flower-garden. But to start the former very early, or to strike cuttings successfully, requires a gentle bottom heat, and an atmosphere completely under our control. The few who are fortunate enough to possess hot houses, have, of course, all the facilities for such purposes; but of the many who would like now and then to propagate a few plants or flowers for their own use, or pleasure, not one in one hundred have either hot-houses, or even hot-beds. And then the latter, (hot-beds,) are really troublesome and expensive affairs, and but few can afford either the time consumed in making and tending them, or the expense of operating them.

For the possible benefit of these many, I propose to give a description of a small propagating case I had made for my own use, and which is now in successful operation.

It may be briefly described as a box, 33 inches long, 18 inches wide, 18 inches high in front, and 24 inches high at the back. Twelve inches above the bottom, we placed a zinc pan, or tray, two inches deep, and as large as the case would admit of. This pan rest on cleats, nailed to the inside of the case. On the under side of this zinc pan, we soldered the oval shaped copper bottom of a common cooking-stove wash-boiler, such as may be found at almost any tinsmith's. (Sheet iron, copper, or tin, may be used instead, if more convenient.) This forms a sort of boiler, about fifteen inches long, six inches wide, and two inches deep. It is filled through a tube, from the upper side. For convenience, this tube should be about six inches long, and one-half or three-fourths of an inch in diameter. On the top of the case, we simply lay two squares of glass. To prevent the glass from sliding off, the upper edge of the case is halved. The boiler is filled with water, a common fluid lamp is filled with alcohol, and placed under the copper boiler, (burning fluid will answer, but is less clean, and is rather offensive to the smell,) the zinc pan is covered one inch deep with clean sand, the pots (smallest size flower-pots) containing the seeds, or cuttings, are placed on the sand, a small thermometer is hung inside the case, the glass is laid on, and the miniature hot-house is in full operation. It should be placed near a window, where it can receive the benefit of the sun during the day. The thermometer should not be allowed to go below 50 degrees, nor above 60 degrees at night, but may rise to 70 degrees, and even 80 degrees, in the middle of the day. Care should be taken to ventilate well in the day time. This is done by raising the back edge of one or both panes of glass, according to circumstances. With these very general hints as to temperature and ventilation, there need be no difficulty in managing such a case successfully.

I have found that a steady flame, three-fourths of an inch high, from a single tube of a common fluid lamp, is amply sufficient for ordinary winter weather. (The larger the lamp the less trouble in filling it.)

My case is usually placed, when in operation, at the kitchen window. It looks well enough, however, to grace the windows of the sitting-room, or even parlor. Such a case should be made of well-seasoned wood, be dovetailed together, and thoroughly painted inside and outside. If the window be high, the case will need legs—or it may be placed on a table—so as to bring the pots near the glass. The lower half of the back of the case is hinged, for convenience of managing the lamp. My first case was but 12 inches deep at the back, and 6 inches in front, and the lamp had no protection against drafts of air. This was found to be troublesome, and I was obliged to box in the lamp. Now all the heat is saved, the lamp is secure, and the extra room is convenient for storing spare pots, &c.

As the boiler is placed in the centre of the case, it will readily be seen that that part will be the warmest. This is taken advantage of, by appropriating it to the use of such pots as need the most bottom heat, gradually removing them toward the edges as they need to be "hardened off." If the case is divided into two parts, by a partition, one part can be used, at pleasure, for this hardening off process, preparatory to placing the plants in the ground, or elsewhere.

These cases can be made of any size or style desired. They are neater, easier operated, and cost less than the ordinary hot-bed. The one above described, though placed in a room where the fire is never kept over night, and seldom even in the evening, consumes but one gallon of alcohol per month, at a retail cost of 60 cents—or two cents per twenty-four hours. The cost of the case was as follows:—

Lumber and making, $2,25; copper boiler bottom, 70 cents; zinc and making of pan, &c., 75 cents; two squares glass, 50 cents; lamp, 30 cents; painting, 50 cents; castors (for convenience of moving,) 17 cents; hinges, 6 cents; thermometer, 37 cents; total, $5,50. These are city prices. In most localities they would be somewhat less.

The case of the above dimensions contains room for fifty-four No. 7 flower pots. It will be readily seen from this, that it can be made to do a great deal of work.—*Corres. of New England Farmer.*

THE LOSS OF LIFE.

It is singular to see with what apathy people can now hear of the destruction of human life in the battles which are coming to be of every day occurrence. At the beginning of the war, the soldiers who fell by the hands of the rioters in Baltimore were looked upon as martyrs, and public sympathy and pity was stirred to its highest pitch. Now we hear that a hundred and fifty men were drowned when the Cumberland was sunk, and yet scarcely give them a thought, but talk of the relative strength of the Monitor and the Merrimac, as farmers would of two prize bulls in a cattle-show, or pugilists of the merits of two champions of the ring. We hear that in three days' hard fighting in Arkansas, the killed and wounded on *each* side numbered *over a thousand*, and yet we think only of the glorious victory achieved by Gen. Curtis, and its probable effect on the rebellion. It is the same hardy indifference with which doctors walk through the sick wards of a hospital, looking upon this or that piece of suffering humanity simply as a common or an interesting medical case—seeing only the disease and not the patient. It is an indifference to human suffering which comes by habit, and the wonder is only how we could have acquired it so readily. With the friends of the soldiers who have fallen in battle, the case is widely different. There have been many tender hearts lacerated by the events of the last week, and they deserve our warmest sympathy. Let us rejoice at the Union victories, but let us also not forget how many brave fellows have laid down their lives to sustain the honor of the stars and stripes.

THE CHANNEL RAILWAY.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.)

The important and interesting discussion of the feasibility of connecting the railways of England and Continental Europe is again occupying the public attention of England.

The question of a Channel Railway which would effect this object is one which involves many considerations of vital importance. Can the natural barrier which the ocean has placed between England and the Continent be removed without obstructing the navigation of the Channel, and without endangering the national safety of the former in the event of a war, especially a war with France? It has long been a matter of doubt in England whether such a connexion was desirable, and whether its influence on trade and traffic, and on the communities interested in it, would be sufficiently beneficial to warrant the expenditure.

The doubts, however, of the expediency of a Channel Railway have already been resolved in its favor, and a competent authority has expressed the opinion, "that such a scheme, if carried out, would be remunerative to shareholders, and highly advantageous to the countries on both sides the Channel." As the same periodical gives it as the decision of the leading scientific, literary, and commercial authorities, that the scheme is really feasible, and that it will doubtless be accomplished some day, we will give, in Mr. Chalmers' own words, the plan which he proposes for carrying out this scheme, with the probable cost of the construction, and his estimate of the profit which would accrue from the working of the Channel Railway. He says:—

"It is sixty years since a scheme for a roadway under the English Channel was laid before Napoleon. After the introduction of railways, several plans were proposed to connect the roads of England and the Continent.

"The one that attracted most attention was the plan of a French engineer, in 1857. He proposed to form thirteen islands in the Channel, by carrying material out to sea, dig down through the said islands into terra firma, and tunnel east and west.

"The consideration which this plan received in certain influential quarters, and from scientific men, warrants the belief that any feasible scheme would receive more countenance now, as the removal of the French passport system, and the adoption of the new commercial treaty, will greatly increase the trade and travel between England and the Continent.

"The plan I propose will give a double line of rails for two gauges, capable of carrying all ordinary trains at the usual speed on the best roads. The work could be completed in five years in a substantial manner, for £12,000,000, and the statistics of trade and travel between England and the Continent warrant the assumption that the revenue would equal ten per cent. per annum on this amount. My scheme consists in submerging tubes of suitable dimensions, and loading them down, and makes ample provision for ventilation, light, safety, and comfort, while the shore embankments would form magnificent harbors of refuge on each side of the Channel. I will be happy to show plans, sections, elevations, and detailed specifications and estimates to parties interested.

"The method of joining the tubes under water has been pronounced by competent engineers ingenious, simple, and efficient.

(ESTIMATED) ABSTRACT OF COST.

1 Deep-sea Tower, or Ventilator, placed in 27 fathoms,	£485,000	
2 do., in 11 fathoms,	475,000	
		£960,000 00
264 Tubes, each 400 feet long, 25 feet diameter, @ £23 per ton,	£4,199,184	
528 Flanges for do., @ £125 each,	63,360	
Laying do., @ £4,000 each tube of 400 ft.,	1,056,000	
		5,318,544 00
1,320 Anchors, or Boxes, for Stone-loading, 5 each tube, each 28 tons, @ £18,		485,760 00
Levelling Bottom, and Covering Tubes with Broken Stones, &c., 2,431,168 yards, @ 5s.,		1,557,777 00
Embankments, Blocks of Stone, Chalk, &c., 2,900,000 00 yards, @ 5s.,		725,000 00
Tunnel Approaches,		400,000 00
Roadway, Triple Rails for Two Gauges,		150,000 00
Engines and Furnishing for Ventilators,		80,000 00
1,000 Lamps and Fittings, @ £20 each,		20,000 00
Preliminaries, Tools, and Contingencies,		2,052,919 00
Total,		£12,000,000 00

(ESTIMATED) PROBABLE REVENUE.

1,005,000 Passengers per annum, @ 8s 9d,	£479,062 10	
912,500 Tons, Freight, do., @ 12s. 6d.,	570,312 10	
Express Mails, Bullion, Extra Baggage, per annum (say)	250,000 00	
		1,299,375 00
(Estimated) Annual Expenditure,		78,187 10
Nett Revenue,		£1,225,187 10

The estimates of the French engineer above alluded to made from data furnished by the railway and steamboat companies in 1856 were—freight, and passage, £1,041,666 13 04

My estimates, 1861, without data, or any knowledge of his, were—freight and passage, 1,049,375 00 00

A scientific contemporary considers the means proposed by Mr. Chalmers for guiding the tubes correctly to their position under water as insufficient, but he by no means doubts the practicability of placing the sections of a large tube correctly on the bottom of the Straits of Dover.

As regards the joining of the sections, he sees no insurmountable difficulty, as the immense hydrostatic pressure forcing the flanges together would, in his opinion, right the tube, even if it were somewhat out of line. The arrangements for keeping down the tubes are considered by the same authority sufficient and reliable as far as they go; and, on the whole, there seems to be a general conviction of the feasibility of connecting the railway systems of England and the Continent by means of a roadway with submerged tubes.

The peculiar feature of Mr. Chalmers' scheme, which should not be lost sight of, is, as our contemporary remarks, the hydrostatic pressure, in enabling him to join his tubes from the inside, as the depth is far too great to admit of the use of the diving-bell for connecting the sections on the outside. The value of this principle can only be tested by experiments, for which the forthcoming summer will be the most convenient time, as the International Exhibition of 1862 will bring together scientific men from all parts of the globe.

THE GARDENS OF ROME.—The gardens of Rome are very happily daguerreotyped in a late number of the Cornhill Magazine:—"All round about Rome there are ancient gardens lying basking in the sun. Gardens and villas built long since by dead cardinals and popes; terraces with glinting shadows, with honeysuckles clambering in desolate luxuriance; roses flowering and fading and falling in showers on the pathways; and terraces and marble steps yellow with age. Lonely fountains splash in their basins; statues of fauns and slender nymphs stand out against the solemn horizon of blue hills and crimson-streaked sky; of cypress trees and cedars with the sunset showing through their stems. At home I lead a very busy, anxious life—and the beauty and peace of these Italian villas fill me with inexpressible satisfaction and gratitude towards those mouldering pontiffs whose magnificent liberality has secured such placid resting-places for generations of weary men."

A SERENADE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUGUST BELL.

Dream your sweet dreams, lady, think not of sorrow,
Smile in your slumber to feel kisses fall;
There are strong men who are dreading the morrow,
Tired eyes are watching with no sleep at all.

Wake, lady, wake in the morning's glad glow,
Sunshine is yours by your fair face's right;
But, oh, there are hearts that are sickening with woe,
That moaned for the morn and will weary for night.

Laugh, lady, laugh, as your baby creeps nearer,
Softly the laugh ringeth, sweet to the ear;
But I hear a heart-breaking cry that is clearer,
Of comfortless mothers with dead darlings near.

Pure-hearted lady, look out at the even
Up at God's stars, and thank Him you are so;
But, oh, my poor sisters who dare not face Heaven,
With no hand to save, those calm stars below!

Dream your sweet dreams, lady, still with that smile,
Live in the sunshine and think not of care;
But God hath some left who will serve Him the while
In byways and prisons and haunts of despair.

You have brilliant blossoms and gems that are rare,
You smooth down your silk with a hand snowy white;
Some carry God's lilies, and one day will wear
A crown of His also and raiment of light!

New London, Conn.

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XL.

THE FINAL STRUGGLE.

Marksman was not mistaken. Two parties of Redskins, one led by Addick and Don Estevan, the other by Atoyac, were pursuing the Gambusinos.

We will explain to the reader, in a few words, this apparent alliance between Addick and Atoyac. In the last chapter we stated that Marksman surprised the Amantzin listening at the door, and though the High Priest did not understand a word of Spanish, and consequently, could not follow the conversation, he noticed a certain degree of animation which appeared to him suspicious. Still, as he did not dare openly to oppose the ceremony of the great medicine, which was to take place in the same evening, he imparted his suspicions to Atoyac. The latter, already badly disposed towards the two men, feigned, however, to be astonished at the sudden doubts of the Amantzin, and treated them as visionary. But at length, as the old man pressed him, and seemed strongly persuaded that there was some machination hidden behind the jugglery of the self-called medicine-men, he consented to watch what occurred on the hillock, and be ready to hurry to the Amantzin's assistance, should he be the dupe of any trickery.

This being properly arranged, so soon as the procession with the captives left Quiepas Tani, Atoyac followed it with a band of warriors picked from his relatives and friends, and, on arriving at the foot of the mound, he clambered up it through the grass, prepared to see and hear all that occurred.

On hearing the prayers of the few men, the Chief was on the point of regretting his coming. The noise of voices soon ceased, and Atoyac, supposing that muttered prayers were now going on, waited. Still, as the silence was prolonged, Atoyac determined to climb to the top of the mound, and was utterly astounded at finding only the Amantzin and the warriors lying on the ground. At first he believed they were dead, and summoned his comrades, who had remained at the bottom of the hill. The latter ran up at full speed, and lifted up the sleepers, whom they shook violently without being able to arouse them. Atoyac then guessed a portion of the truth; he called to mind the signal he had heard, and not doubting that the fugitives had gone towards the forest, he rushed after them with a yell.

Atoyac was the first to perceive the party, and he it was who fired the shot which killed the Gambusino. But the position of the whites was becoming critical; for, on arriving at the edge of the forest, they found themselves suddenly stopped by Addick's party, which charged furiously. The ladies were in the centre of the Gambusinos protected by Don Mariano and Brighteye, and hence were in comparative safety.

While Marksman and Ruperto wheeled round to repulse the attack of Atoyac's warriors, and cover the retreat, Don Miguel, wielding a club, which he took from a wounded Apache, rushed into the thick of the fight with the leap of a tiger at bay. The combatants, who were too close together to employ their fire-arms, murdered each other with knives and lances, or with fearful blows of clubs and rifle butts.

The fearful carnage lasted twenty minutes, excited by the savage yells of the Indians, and the no less savage shouts of the Gambusinos. At length, by a desperate effort, Don Miguel succeeded in bursting the human dyke that barred his progress, and rushed, followed by his comrades, through the wide and bloody gap he had opened, at the loss of ten of his most resolute men, leaving Marksman to oppose the last efforts of the Redskins. Don Miguel collected his men around him, and all hurried into the depths of the forest, when they speedily disappeared.

At sunrise, the adventurers reached the grotto where they had once before sought shelter, and Don Miguel gave the order to halt. It was time. The horses, panting with fatigue, could scarce stand; besides, whatever diligence the Apaches might display, the adventurers were a whole night in advance of them, hence they could take a few hours of indispensable rest.

Marksman, who soon arrived with the rear-guard, confirmed Don Miguel's views. The Redskins, according to his report, had suddenly returned towards the city.

The news redoubled the serenity of the adventurers. While the Gambusinos, in different groups, were preparing a meal, and attending to their wounds, and the maidens, who had retired into the grotto, were sleeping on a pile of furs and zarapes, Don Miguel and the two Canadians were bathing, in order to remove the traces of Indian paint, and, after dressing in their proper clothes, they went to get a few minutes' rest.

Don Miguel alone entered the grotto. Eglantine, seated at the feet of the sleeping girls, lulled them gently with the plaintive melody of an Indian song. Don Mariano was asleep not far from his daughter. The young man thanked the Chief's wife with a grateful smile, lay down across the entrance of the grotto, and fell asleep too, after assuring himself that sentries were watching over the common safety.

The first words of the maidens, on awaking, were to thank their liberators. Don Mariano was never wearied of caressing his daughter, who was at length restored to him; and he knew not how to express his gratitude to Don Miguel. Dona Laura, with all the *naïve* frankness of a young heart, to which evasion is unknown, could not find words sufficiently strong to express to Don Miguel the happiness with which her heart overflowed. Dona Luisa alone remained gloomy and thoughtful. On seeing with what devotion and readiness Don Miguel, with no other interest than that of serving them, had so frequently risked his life, the maiden discovered the greatness and nobility of the adventurer's character; hence love entered her heart, the more violent because the object yet did not seem to perceive it.

Love renders persons clear-sighted. Dona Luisa soon understood why her companion continually boasted to her of the young man's generous qualities, and she guessed the secret passion they felt for each other. A cruel pang gnawed her heart at this discovery; in vain did she struggle against the horrible tortures of an unbridled jealousy, for she felt that Don Miguel would never love her. Still, the young girl yielded hopelessly to the chance of seeing and hearing the man for whom she would have gladly laid down her life. As for Don Miguel, he heard nothing, saw nothing; he was intoxicated with joy, and indulged in the voluptuous felicity with which Dona Laura's presence inundated him, as she sat, lovely and carelessly between himself and her father.

Fortunately Marksman was not in love, and he saw clearly the dangers of the position. He summoned a council, in which it was resolved that they should proceed in all haste toward the nearest Mexican frontier, in order to place the ladies in safety, and escape from any pursuit on the part of the Indians. They must hasten, however, for, owing to an unlucky coincidence, it was that period of the year called by the Redskins the "Moon of Mexico," and which they had selected for their periodical depredations on the frontiers of that hapless country. Marksman promised to reach the clearings in four days, by roads known to himself alone.

They set out.

The adventurers were not disturbed in their rapid flight, and, as Marksman had announced, on the afternoon of the fourth day the party crossed a ford of the Rio Gela and entered Sonora. As they advanced, however, on the Mexican territory, the hunter's brow grew gloomier, and the glances he turned in every direction denoted an anxious mind. The fact was, that the country, which should have appeared at this season so luxuriant in vegetation, looked so strange and desolate as to chill the heart. The fields turned up and trampled by horses' hoofs; the ruins of burnt jacals, scattered here and there; ashes piled up in places where mills must once have stood, evidenced that war had passed along the road, with all the horrors that march after it.

About two leagues off, the houses of a fortified pueblo, an old presidio, could be seen glistening in the last beams of the sun. All was calm in the vicinity; but the calmness was that of death. Not a human being was visible; no *manada* appeared on the desolated prairie; the *recuas* of the mules, the calls of the *nena*, could be neither seen nor heard. On all sides, a leaden silence, a mournful tranquillity, brooded over the scene, and imparted to it, in the gay light of the sun, a crushing aspect.

Suddenly Brighteye, who rode a little ahead of the party, pulled up his horse, which had shied so violently as nearly to throw him, and looked down with a cry of surprise. Don Miguel and Marksman hurried up to him.

A frightful spectacle offered itself to the three men. At the bottom of a ditch that ran along the road, a pile of Spanish corpses lay pell-mell, horribly disfigured, and stripped of their scalps.

Don Miguel ordered a halt, not knowing whether to advance or retire: it was permissible to doubt under such circumstances. If they pushed on to the presidio, it was probably deserted, or perhaps the Redskins had seized on it. Still some determination must be formed within an hour. Don Miguel at length noticed a ruined hacienda about five miles to their right; though precarious, the shelter it afforded was better than bivouacking on the plain. The adventurers pushed on, and soon reached the farm.

The hacienda bore traces of fire and devastation; the cracked walls were blackened with smoke, the windows and doors broken in, and several male and female bodies, half consumed, were piled up in the patio. Don Miguel led the trembling girls to a room, after the ruins choking the entrance had been removed; then, after urging them not to leave it, he joined his companions, who, under Brighteye's directions, were settling themselves as well as they could in the haciendas. Marksman had gone out scouting with Ruperto. Don Mariano, excited by paternal love, had turned engineer, and, with the help of a dozen adventurers, was putting the house in the best state of defence possible.

Like all Mexican frontier haciendas, this one was surrounded by a tall crenelated wall. Don Miguel had the gate blocked up; then, returning to the house, he ordered the doors and windows to be put in, had loopholes pierced, and placed sentries round the wall, and on the azotea. After this, he gave Brighteye the command of twelve resolute men, and ordered them to ambush behind a wood-covered mound, which rose about two hundred yards from the hacienda. He then counted his forces; including Don Mariano and his two servants, he had but twenty-one men with him, but they were adventurers, determined to die to the last man sooner than surrender. Don Miguel did not lose all hope, and when these precautions were taken, he waited. Ruperto soon arrived, and his report was not reassuring.

The Redskins had seized the presidio by surprise; the town had been plundered, then abandoned; it was completely deserted. Numerous parties of Apaches were visible in all directions, and it seemed certain that the adventurers could not proceed a league from the hacienda without falling into an ambuscade.

Marksman at length arrived. He brought with him forty Mexican soldiers and peasants, who had been wandering about at hazard for two days, at the risk of being surprised by the Redskins, who pitilessly massacred every white man who fell into their hands. Don Miguel gladly received this unexpected help—a reinforcement of forty men was not to be despised, especially as they were all armed, and capable of doing good service. Marksman, as a good forager, also brought with him several mules, laden with provisions. The worthy Canadian thought of everything, and nothing escaped him. When the men had been stationed at the spots most exposed to a surprise, Don Miguel and Marksman ascended the azotea, to have a look at the neighborhood.

Nothing had changed; the plain was still deserted. The calm was of evil augury. The sun set in a mass of red vapor; the light suddenly lessened, and night arrived, with its darkness and its mysteries. Don Miguel, leaving the Canadian alone, went down to the apartment which served as a refuge to the three females. The ladies were seated, sad and silent.

Eglantine walked up to him.

"What does my sister want?" the young man asked.

"Eglantine wishes to go," she answered, in her soft voice.

"*What, go!*" he exclaimed, in surprise; "it is impossible. The night is dark; my sister would run too much danger on the plain; the callis of her tribe are far away on the prairie."

Eglantine assumed her usual pout as she shook her head.

"Eglantine will go," she said impatiently. "My brother will give her a horse; she must join Flying Eagle."

"Alas! my poor girl, Flying Eagle is far away at this moment, I am afraid; you will not find him."

The girl raised her head quickly.

"Flying Eagle does not desert his friends," she said; "he is a great Chief. Eglantine is proud to be his squaw. Let my brother suffer her to go. Eglantine has in her heart a little bird, that sings softly, and tells her where the sachem is."

Don Miguel suffered from considerable perplexity; he could not consent to what the Indian girl asked him; he felt a repugnance to abandon the woman who had given them so many proofs of devotion since she had been among them. At this moment he felt a tap on his shoulder; he turned and saw Marksman.

"Let her go," he said; "she knows better than we do why she acts thus. The Redskins never do anything without a reason. Come, dear child, I will accompany you to the gate, and give you a horse."

"Go, then," Don Miguel said; "but remember that you leave us against my wish."

Eglantine smiled, and kissed the two ladies, merely whispering one word to them,

"Courage!"

Then she followed Marksman.

"Poor, good creature!" Don Miguel muttered; "she wants to try and be of use to us again, I feel convinced." Then he turned to the ladies.

"Ninas," he said to them, "regain your courage. We are numerous. To-morrow, at sunrise, we shall start again, with no fear of being disturbed by the Indian marauders."

"Don Miguel," Dona Laura answered, with a sad smile, "you will try in vain to reassure us. We heard what the men said to each other; they are expecting an attack."

"Why not be frank with us, Don Miguel?" Dona Luisa added. "It is better to tell us openly in what position we are, and to what we are exposed."

"Good heavens! do I know it myself?" he replied. "I have taken all the necessary precautions to defend the hacienda to the last extremity, but I trust that our trail will not be discovered."

"You are deceiving us again," Dona Laura said, in a reproachful voice, so gentle, that it went straight to the young man's heart.

"Besides," the adventurer continued, not wishing to answer the interruption, "be certain, senoritas, that, in case of an attack, we shall all die, my comrades and myself, ere an Apache can cross the threshold of this door."

"The Apaches!" the maidens exclaimed, for the recollection of their captivity was still quivering in their hearts, and they trembled at the mere thought of falling into their hands again. Still this movement of terror did not last an instant. Dona Laura's face immediately assumed the angelic expression habitual to it, and she answered Don Miguel with the softest possible intonation in her voice.

"We have faith in you; we know that you will do all that is humanly possible to save us. We thank you for your devotion; we know that our fate is in the hands of GOD, and we place confidence in Him. Act like a man, Don Miguel. Do not trouble about us further, but, I implore you, watch over my father."

"Yes," Dona Luisa added, "do your duty bravely; for our part, we will do ours."

Don Miguel looked without understanding her. She smiled and blushed, but said no more.

The young man seemed desirous to say a few words, but, after a moment's hesitation, he bowed respectfully, and left the room. Laura and Luisa then threw themselves in each other's arms, and embraced tenderly.

When Don Miguel entered the patio, Marksman walked up to him, and pointed to several rows of black dots in the distance, apparently crawling in the direction of the hacienda.

"Look!" he said, dryly.

"They are Redskins!" Don Miguel exclaimed.

"I have seen them for the last ten minutes," the hunter continued; "but we have time yet to prepare for their reception. They will not be here for an hour."

In truth, an hour passed away in this state of horrible expectation.

Suddenly the hideous head of an Apache appeared over the door of the court, and looked curiously down into the patio.

"No one can form an idea how impudent these Indians are," Marksman said, with a grin; and, raising his axe, the body of the Apache rolled outside, while his head fell, with grinning teeth, almost at Don Miguel's feet.

Several attempts of the same nature, made at various spots, were repulsed with equal success. Then the Apaches, who had flattered themselves with the idea of finding the whites asleep, seeing, on the contrary, how badly they were received, uttered their war-yell, and rising tumultuously from the ground, where they had been hitherto crawling, rushed toward the wall, which they tried to escalade on all sides at once.

A ball of fire flashed from the hacienda, and a shower of bullets greeted them. Many fell; but the impetus of the charge was not checked. A fresh discharge at point-blank range was impotent to repulse them, although it caused them enormous losses. The attackers and attacked were soon fighting hand to hand. It was an atrocious medley, a horrible carnage, in which the hands were only unclutched by death, and in which the conquered, after dragging his conqueror down with him, strangled him in a last convulsion. For more than half-an-hour it was impossible to recognize each other; the rifles, the lances, the arrows, and machete strokes were interchanged with prodigious rapidity. At length the Indians fell back; the wall was not yet escaladed. It was but a short time; the Redskins returned almost immediately to the charge, and the struggle recommenced with heightened fury. This time, in spite of the prodigies of valor performed by the adventurers, they were driven in by the mass of enemies that surrounded them, and compelled to fall back on the house, contending every inch of ground; but now the resistance could not last long.

All at once, shouts were heard in the rear of the Indians, and Brighteye poured on them like an avalanche, at the head of his party. The Redskins, surprised and alarmed at this unforeseen attack, gave way in disorder, and dispersed over the plain. Don Miguel rushed forward, at the head of twenty men, to support Brighteye, and complete the defeat of the Indians. The adventurers pursued the Apaches, whom they furiously massacred; but all at once Don Miguel uttered a cry of surprise and rage.

While he had been led away in pursuit of the Apaches, other Indians suddenly springing up in the space left free, rushed at the hacienda. The Gambusinos turned their horses round, and retraced their steps at full gallop. It was too late. The hacienda was invaded.

The combat then became a horrible carnage—a nameless butchery. In the midst of the Apaches, Atoyac, Addick, and Don Estevan seemed to be multiplied, so rapid were their blows, so aroused was their fury. On the highest step of the flight, leading into the interior of the house, Don Mariano and some Gambusinos he had rallied were desperately resisting the repeated attacks of a swarm of Indians. Suddenly a bloody yell was spread before Don Miguel's eyes; a cold perspiration poured down his face; the Apaches had forced the entrance, and were inundating the house.

"Forward! Forward!" Don Leo howled, throwing himself headlong into the medley.

"Forward!" Brighteye and Marksman repeated.

At this moment the two maidens appeared at the windows, closely pursued by the Redskins, who seized them in their arms, and carried them off in spite of their shrieks and resistance. All was lost!

At this supreme instant, the war-cry of the Comanches burst on the air, and a cloud of warriors, at the head of whom Flying Eagle galloped, fell like a thunderbolt on the Apaches, who believed themselves the victors. Surrounded on all sides at once, after a heroic resistance, the latter were compelled to give ground, and seek safety in flight.

The adventurers were saved at a moment when they believed nothing was left them but to die, lest they should fall alive into the hands of their ferocious enemies.

* * * * * * *

THE EPILOGUE.

The next morning, the sun, as it rose, shone on a touching scene in that hacienda, which had been the scene of so obstinate a contest.

The adventurers and the Comanche warriors, who had arrived so fortunately for them, hastily removed, as far as was possible, the traces of the combat. The bodies of those who had fallen were piled up in a retired corner of the patio, and covered with straw. Comanche sentries guarded some twenty Apache prisoners, and the adventurers were busy, some bandaging their wounds, others digging wide trenches to inter the dead.

Under the saguan of the house, two men and a woman had been laid on trusses of straw, covered with zarapes. The woman was dead; it was Dona Luisa. The poor child, whose life had only been one long self-denial and continued devotion, was killed by Don Estevan, at the moment she blew out the brains of Addick, who was carrying off Dona Laura.

The two men were Don Mariano and Brighteye.

Don Miguel and Laura were standing on either side of the old gentleman, anxiously watching for the moment when he should open his eyes.

Marksman, sad and with a pale brow, was bending over his old comrade, who was on the point of death.

"Courage!" he said to him, "courage, brother, it is nothing."

The Canadian tried to smile.

"Hum! I know what it is," he said, in a broken voice; "I have ten minutes left at the most, and after that—"

He was silent for a moment, and seemed to be reflecting.

"Tell me, Marksman," he went on, "do you believe God will pardon me?"

"Yes, my worthy friend; for you were a brave and good creature."

"I have always acted in accordance with my heart. Well, it is said that the mercy of God is infinite; I put my trust in Him."

"Hope, my friend, hope!"

"No matter. I was sure the Indians would never kill me; it was Don Estevan, look ye, who wounded me, but I split his skull open. The villain! I ought to have let him die in his pit, like a trapped wolf."

His voice grew momentarily weaker; his eye was more glassy; his life was ebbing fast.

"Pardon him! Now he is dead, he is no longer dangerous."

"Heaven be praised, I crushed the viper at last! Good-bye, Marksman, my old comrade. We shall never hunt buffalo and elk together on the prairie; we shall no longer sound our war-cry against the Apaches. Where is Flying Eagle?"

"Pursuing the Redskins."

"Oh, he is a fine fellow. He was very young when I first knew him; it was in 18—. I remember that I was returning from—"

He stopped. Marksman, who had bent as close as possible over him, to hear the words he uttered in a voice that grew momentarily weaker, looked at him. He was dead.

The worthy hunter had surrendered his soul to God, without feeling the cruel agonies of death. His friend piously closed his eyes, knelt down by his side, and bowing his pale forehead, prayed fervently for his old comrade.

Don Mariano, in the meanwhile, had remained in the same state of apparent insensibility. Don Miguel and Dona Laura each held a hand, and anxiously questioned his pulse. His two old servants were kneeling in a corner of the room, and weeping silently.

Suddenly Don Mariano uttered a deep sigh, a bright flush covered his face, his eyes opened, and for some minutes he seemed trying to recall his ideas, troubled by the approach of death. At length he made a supreme effort, sat up, and looking by turns with an expression of ineffable gentleness at the young people, who had fallen on their knees, he drew their hands towards him and pressed them on his heart.

"Don Miguel," he said, in a powerful voice "guard her! Laura, you love him, so be happy! My children, I bless you. Oh, GOD! in Thy mercy pardon the wretched man who is the cause of all our misfortunes. Lord, receive me into thy bosom! My children, my children, we shall meet again!"

His body was suddenly agitated by a convulsive tremor, his features were contracted, and he fell back breathing his last sigh.

He was dead!

After performing the last duties to his old comrade, Marksman followed Flying Eagle and his warriors. From that moment he was never heard of again; the death of Brighteye had broken all the energy and will in this powerful man. Perhaps he is still dragging out the last days of a wretched existence among those Indians with whom he formed the resolve of living.

The minute researches made by Don Leo de Torres, after his marriage with Dona Laura de Real del Monte, led to no result; hence the young man, to his great regret, was compelled to resign all hopes of ever paying this simple and yet great-hearted man the debt of gratitude he owed him.

THE END.

A HINT TO THE GIRLS.—Our girls will have to take care hereafter to paint their cheeks with nature's "blooms" only; to take heed and not to rinse the windows of the soul with the tincture of belladonna, and to guard against looking interestingly pale. The highest court of England has ruled that want of health in one of two engaged to be married, justifies the other in a breach of his or her promise; and as the ruling of the English courts is often adopted in our own, it is very probable that this will become a principle with our judges. So, young ladies, look to your calisthenics. Think that every time you paint your cheeks, dawdle too long over a novel, or omit to take your morning walk, your chances of marrying become less.

☞ A Paris tribunal has decided that photographs are not works of art, and consequently are not protected by law.

LOVE'S GREETING.

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

Welcome again, as the May's scented blossom,
Welcome again to your home in this bosom.
Oh! for the sweet blessed hour that has brought you
Back to the arms that so long, long have sought you.
Welcome, oh! welcome, with wild-ringing laughter,
Tears than the evening dew sweeter and softer,
Music and light in my soul's depth o'erflowing,
Pulses that throb—color coming and going—

Whispers that none but my lov'd one shall listen,
Glances where every fond secret shall glisten,
Clasping of hands that have long been asunder,
Hearts brimming over with rapture and wonder:
Thoughts like the green leaves so joyously dancing,
When warm sun and sweet winds around them are glancing!
Joy for me!—joy! for you never will leave me,
And now there is nought on the wide earth to grieve me.

Glad as the bird up the summer vault singing—
Light as the bough with its gay blossoms springing—
Bright as the gold-sparks that glisten and quiver
At morning or eve, on the breast of the river:
Calm as the child in its soft slumber lying—
Blest as the saint to his home above flying,
Fill'd with a love ever thrilling and burning—
So am I now at my darling's returning!

THE NAMES WE BEAR.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

A knowledge of the etymology of proper names would spare many a sensitive child the jars which a dissonant name, given by ignorant parents, have inflicted upon it. The Roundheads of England, during the days of Cromwell, were conscientious in conferring names upon their children. "It was usual," says Hume, (quoting from Broome's Travels,) "for the pretended saints of that time to change their names from Henry, Edward, &c., into others more sanctified and godly. Sometimes a whole godly sentence was adopted as a name.

Think of a man named "Search-the-Scriptures Moreton," or "Fight-the-good-fight-of-Faith White," or "Praise-God Atterbury," or worse than all, of a fellow rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned Dobson!"

In assigning a name, some regard should be had to euphony. As parents commonly call their children by the name of some friend or relative, with no observance whatever of the euphonic laws, incongruous and ill-sounding names often attach themselves to others of a different character. The old Puritan ancestor was called "Jedidiah," and the dashing young blade must take his inheritance, and be "Jedidiah," too.

If it were possible to determine the character, personal appearance or other distinctive marks of each individual before giving him or her a name, the beauty and fitness of the latter would be much enhanced by its propriety. If for instance, a girl-child be of a fair complexion, let her be named Blanch, which means *white*, or Susan, which means a *lily*, or Bridget, *i. e. shining bright*. If she be a *brunette*, name her Violet—if gifted with smooth and flowing hair, call her Julia, meaning "*one who has soft hair*;" if of small size, let her be named Paulina, *i. e. little*. And when you discover dawnings of a determined and inflexible disposition, name your daughter Constance, which expresses *resolution*. Should this quality, in later years, degenerate into rudeness and obstinacy, you might add to the damsel yet another name, viz: Ursula, *a little she bear*.

The timid child might be well named Ruth, which signifies *trembling*—the quiet gentle one, Irene, *i. e. peace*, or Rosamund, (*a rose of peace.*)

What a stain did Benedict Arnold bring upon his good name, for Benedict (Latin,) *bene* and *dico*, is *blessed*, and Arnold is *a maintainer of honor*. And this brings us to remark that we are often, as it were, committed to be good, or noble, or brave, if we would carry out in our words and deeds the characters which our names have given us. Let no man whose name is Charles, be guilty of a mean act, for his name stamps him with the title of *noble spirited*. All Georges should turn their attention to farming, inasmuch as George signifies husbandman. Ferdinand is another responsible name, meaning *pure peace*. So Henry is a *rich lord*; John, the *Grace of the Lord*; Richard, *powerful*; and Robert, *famous in counsel*; or as another authority has it, *one disposed to rest*.

Female names are especially replete with beauty of meaning, and the responsibilities attached to them are fully as great as in some cases before mentioned. Young lady, is your name Agatha? mar not that name by an evil thought, for your name means *good*; is it Alice? stain it not by a plebeian deed, for the name means *noble*; is it Anna or Ann or Annie? let no harsh words escape your lips, for these names mean *gracious*; is it Beatrice? act up to your name, which signifies *making happy*; is it Catharine? let your life be what your name symbolizes, *pure*. Let no cloud shade the brow of the young lady whose name is Clara, for the word means *clear*. Elizabeth or Eliza should be truth itself, for these names signify *The oath of God*. So Jane is the *Grace of the Lord*; Francis or Fanny means *flourishing*; Gertrude, *all truth*; Amy, *beloved*; Charlotte, *all noble*; Margaret, *a pearl*; Sophia, *wisdom*; and Lucy, *light*.

☞ A young man who was desirous of marrying the daughter of a well-known Boston merchant, after many attempts to broach the subject to the old gentleman, in a very stuttering manner commenced: "Mr. O——, are you willing to let me have your daughter Jane?" "Of course I am," replied the old man; "and I; wish you would get some other likely fellows to marry the rest of them!"

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE INKED SURPLICE.

The sweet bells of Helstonleigh Cathedral were ringing out in the summer's afternoon. Groups of people lined the streets, more than the customary business of the day would have brought forth; some pacing with idle steps, some halting to talk with one another, some looking in silence towards a certain point, as far as the eye could reach; all waiting in expectation.

It was the first day of Helstonleigh Assizes; that is, the day on which the courts of law began their sittings. Generally speaking, the commission was opened at Helstonleigh on a Saturday; but for some convenience of the arrangements of the circuit, it was fixed this time for Wednesday; and when those cathedral bells burst forth, they gave the signal that the judges had arrived, and were entering the sheriff's carriage, which had gone out to meet them.

A fine sight, carrying in it much of majesty, was the procession, as it passed through the streets with its slow and stately steps; and although Helstonleigh saw it twice a year, it looked at it with gratified eyes still, and made the day into a sort of holiday. The trumpeters rode first, blowing the proud note of advance, and the long line of well mounted javelin-men came next, their attire being that of the fine livery of the high sheriff's family, and their javelins held in rest. Sundry officials followed, and the governor of the county jail sat in an open carriage, his long white wand raised in the air. Then appeared the beautiful, closed equipage of the sheriff, its four horses, caparisoned with silver, pawing the ground, for they chafed at the slow pace to which they were restrained. In it, in their scarlet robes and flowing wigs, carrying awe to many a young spectator, sat the judges; the high sheriff was opposite to them, and his chaplain by his side, in his gown and bands. A crowd of gentlemen, friends of the sheriff, followed on horseback; and a mob of ragamuffins brought up the rear.

To the assize courts the procession took its way, and there the short business of opening the commission was gone through, when the judges re-entered the carriage to proceed to the cathedral, having been joined by the mayor and corporation. The melodious bells of Helstonleigh were still ringing out, not to welcome the judges to the city now, but as an invitation to them to come and worship God. Inside the grand entrance of the cathedral, waiting to receive the judges, stood the Dean of Helstonleigh, two or three of the chapter, two of the minor canons, and the king's scholars and choristers, all in their white robes. The bells ceased; the fine organ pealed out—and there are few finer organs in England than that of Helstonleigh—the vergers with their silver maces, and the decrepit old bedesmen in their black gowns, led the way to the choir, the long scarlet trains of the judges being held up behind; and places were found for all.

The Reverend John Pye began the service; it was his week for chanting. He was one of the senior minor canons, and the head master of the college school. At the desk opposite to him sat the Reverend William Yorke, a young man who had but just gained his minor canonry.

The service went on smoothly until the commencement of the anthem. In one sense it went on smoothly to the end, for no person present, not even the judges themselves, could see anything was wrong. Mr. Pye was what was called "chanter" to the cathedral, which meant that it was he who had the privilege of selecting the music for the chants and other portions of the service, when the dean did not do so himself. Now, the anthem he had put up for this occasion was a very good one, taken from the Psalms of David. It commenced with a treble solo; it was, moreover, an especial favorite of Mr. Pye's, and he disposed himself complacently to listen.

But no sooner was the symphony over, and the first notes of the chorister had sounded on Mr. Pye's ear, than his face slightly flushed, and he lifted his head with a sharp, quick gesture. *That* was not the voice which ought to have sung this fine anthem: that was a cracked, *passée* voice, which belonged to the senior chorister, a young man of seventeen, who was going out of the choir and the school at Michaelmas. He had done good service for the choir in his day, but his voice was breaking now; and the last time he had attempted a solo, the bishop (who interfered most rarely with the working of the cathedral, and, indeed, it was not his province to do so) had spoken himself to Mr. Pye on the conclusion of the service, and said the boy ought not to be put to sing alone again.

Mr. Pye bent his head forward to catch a glimpse at the choristers, five of whom sat on his side of the choir, the *decani*; five on the opposite, or *cantori* side. So far as he could see, the boy, Stephen Bywater, who ought to have taken the anthem, was not in his place. There appeared to be but four of them; but the senior boy, with his clean, starched-out surplice, partially hid those below him. Mr. Pye wondered where his eyes could have been not to have noticed the boy's absence, when they had all been gathered round the entrance, waiting for the Judges.

Had Mr. Pye's attention not been fully engrossed with his book, as the service had gone on, he might have seen the boy opposite to him, for there sat Bywater, before the bench of king's scholars, and right in front of Mr. Pye. Mr. Pye's glance fell upon him now, and he could scarcely believe it: he rubbed his eyes and looked, and rubbed again. Bywater there! and without his surplice!—braving, as it were, the head master! What could he possibly mean by this act of defiant insubordination? Why was he not in his place in the school? Why was he mixing with the congregation? But Mr. Pye could as yet obtain no solution to the mystery.

The anthem came to an end; the dean had bent his brow sternly at the solo, but it did no good; and, the prayers over, the sheriff's chaplain ascended to the pulpit to preach the sermon. He selected his text from St. John's Gospel: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

In the course of his sermon, he pointed out that the unhappy prisoners in the gaol, awaiting the summons to answer before an earthly tribunal for the evil deeds which they had committed, had been led into their present miserable condition by the seductions of the flesh. They had fallen into sin, he went on, by the indulgence of their passions; they had placed no restraint upon their animal appetites and guilty pleasures; they had sunk gradually into crime, and had now to meet the penalty of the law. But did no blame, he asked, attach to those who had remained indifferent to their downward course, who had never stretched forth a friendly hand to rescue them from destruction, who had made no effort to teach and guide in the ways of truth and righteousness those outcasts of society? Were we, he demanded, at liberty to evade our responsibility by asking, in the words of earth's first criminal, "Am I my brother's keeper?" No; it was at once our duty and our privilege to engage in the noble work of man's reformation—to raise the fallen—to seek out the lost, and to restore the outcast; and this, he argued, could only be accomplished by a widely disseminated knowledge of God's truth, by patient, self-denying labor in God's work, and by a devout dependence on God's Holy Spirit.

At the conclusion of the service, the head master proceeded to the vestry, where the minor canons, choristers, and lay-clerks kept their surplices; not the dean and chapter; they robed in the chapter-house; and the king's scholars put on their surplices in the school-room. The choristers followed Mr. Pye to the vestry, Bywater entering with them. The boys grouped themselves together; they were expecting—to use their own expression—a row.

"Bywater, what is the meaning of this conduct?" was the master's stern demand.

"I had got no surplice, sir," was Bywater's answer—a saucy-looking boy with a red face, who had a propensity for getting into "rows," and, consequently, punishment.

"No surplice!" repeated Mr. Pye—for the like excuse had never been offered by a college boy before. "What do you mean?"

"We were ordered to wear clean surplices this afternoon, and I brought mine to college this morning, and left it here in the vestry, and took the dirty one home. Well, sir, when I came to put it on this afternoon, it was gone."

"How could it have gone? Nonsense, sir, who would touch your surplice?"

"But I could *not* find it, sir," repeated Bywater, "and the choristers know I couldn't; and they left me hunting for it when they went into the hall to receive the judges. I could not go into my stall, sir, and sing the anthem without my surplice."

"Hurst had no business to sing it," was the vexed rejoinder of the master. "You know your voice is gone, Hurst. You should have gone up to the organist, told him the case, and had another anthem put up."

"But, sir, I was expecting Bywater in every minute. I thought he'd be sure to find his surplice somewhere," was Hurst's defence. "And when he did not come, and it got too late to do anything, I judged it better to take the anthem myself than to give it to a junior, who would be safe to have made a mull of it. Better for the judges and other strangers to hear a faded voice in Helstonleigh Cathedral, than to hear bad singing."

The master did not speak. So far, Hurst's argument had reason.

"And—I beg your pardon for what I am about to say, sir," Hurst went on, "but I hope you will allow me to assure you beforehand, that neither I nor my juniors under me have had a hand in this affair. Bywater has just told me that the surplice is found, and how; and blame is sure to be cast to us; but I declare that not one of us has been in the mischief."

Mr. Pye opened his eyes. "What now?" he asked. "What is the mischief?"

"I found the surplice afterwards, sir," Bywater said. "This is it."

He spoke meaningly, as if preparing them for a surprise, and pointed to a corner of the vestry. There lay a clean, but tumbled surplice, half soaked in ink. The head master and Mr. Yorke, the lay-clerks and choristers, all gathered round, and stared in amazement.

"They shall pay me the worth of the surplice," spoke Bywater, an angry shade crossing his usually good-tempered face.

"And get a double flogging into the bargain," exclaimed the master. "Who has done this?"

"It looks as though it had been rabbled up for the purpose," cried Hurst, in his schoolboy phraseology, bending down and touching it gingerly with his finger. "The ink has been poured on it."

"Where did you find it?" sharply demanded the master—not that he was angry with the boys before him, but he felt angry in his mind that the thing should have taken place.

"I found it behind the screen, sir," replied Bywater. "I thought I'd look there, as a last resource, and there it was. I should think nobody has been behind that screen for a twelvemonth past, for it's over the ankles in dust there."

"And you know nothing of it, Hurst?"

"Nothing whatever, sir," was the reply of the senior chorister, spoken earnestly. "When Bywater whispered to me what had occurred, I set it down as the work of one of the choristers, and I taxed them with it. But they all denied it strenuously, and I believe they spoke the truth. I put them on their honor."

The head master peered at the choristers. Innocence was in every face—not guilt; and he, with Hurst, believed he must look elsewhere for the culprit. That it had been done by a college-boy, there could be no doubt whatever; either out of spite to Bywater, or from pure love of mischief. The king's scholars had no business in the vestry; but just at this period the cathedral was undergoing repairs, and they could get in, if so minded, at any time of the day, the doors being left open for the convenience of the workmen.

The master turned out of the vestry. The cathedral was emptied of its crowd, leaving nothing but the dust to tell what had been, and the bells once more were pealing forth over the city. Mr. Pye crossed the nave, and quitted the cathedral by the cloister door, followed by the choristers. The school-room, once the large refectory of the monks, in monkish days, was on the opposite side of the cloisters; a large, large room, which you gained by steps, and whose high windows were many feet from the ground. Could you have climbed to those windows, so as to look from them, you would have beheld a fair scene. A clear river wound under the cathedral walls; beyond its green banks were greener meadows, stretching out in the distance; far-famed hills, beautiful to look at, bounding the horizon. Close by, were the prebendal houses; some built with red stone, some covered with ivy, all venerable with age; pleasant gardens surrounded most of them, and dark old elms towered aloft, sheltering the rooks, which seemed as old as the trees.

The king's scholars were in the school-room, cramming their surplices into bags, or preparing to walk home with them thrown upon their arms, and making enough hubbub to alarm the rooks. It dropped to a dead calm at sight of the master. On holidays—and this was one—it was not usual for the masters to enter the school after service. The school was founded by royal charter—its number limited to forty boys, who were called king's scholars, ten of whom, those whose voices were the best, were chosen choristers. The master marched to his desk, and made a sign for the boys to approach, addressing himself to the senior boy.

"Gaunt, some mischief has been enacted in the vestry, touching Bywater's surplice. Do you know anything of it?"

"No, sir," was the prompt answer. And Gaunt was one who scorned to tell a lie.

The master ranged his eyes round the circle.

"Who does?"

There was no reply. The boys looked at one another, a stolid sort of surprise for the most part predominating. Mr. Pye resumed:—

"Bywater tells me that he left his clean surplice in the vestry this morning. This afternoon it was found thrown behind the screen, tumbled together, beyond all doubt purposely, and partially covered with ink. I ask, who has done this?"

"I have not, sir," burst forth from most of the boys simultaneously. The seniors, of whom there were three besides Gaunt, did not speak; but this was nothing unusual, for the seniors, unless questioned expressly, or taxed with a fault, did not accuston themselves to voluntary denial.

"I can only think this has been the result of accident," continued the head master, "for it is incredible to suppose any one of you would wantonly destroy a surplice. If so, let that boy, whoever it may have been, speak up honorably, and I will forgive him. I conclude that the ink must have been spilt upon it, I say, accidentally, and that he then, in his consternation, tumbled the surplice together, and threw it out of sight behind the screen. It had been more straightforward, more in accordance with what I wish you all to be—boys of thorough truth and honor—had he candidly confessed to it. But the fear of the moment may have scared his good judgment away. Let him acknowledge it now, and I will forgive him; though of course he must pay Bywater for another surplice."

A dead silence.

"Do you hear, boys?" the master sternly asked.

No answer from any one; nothing but the continued silence. The master rose, and his countenance assumed its most severe expression.

"Hear further, boys. That it was one of you, I am convinced; and your refusing to speak compels me to fear that it was *not* an accident, but a premeditated, wicked act. I now warn you, whoever did it, that if I can discover the author or authors, he or they shall be punished with the utmost severity, short of expulsion, that is allowed by the rules of the school. Seniors, I call upon your aid in this. Look to it."

The master quitted the school-room, and Babel broke loose—questioning, denying, protesting, one of another. Bywater was surrounded.

"Won't there be a stunning flogging? Bywater, who did it? Do you know?"

Bywater sat himself astride over the end of a bench, and nodded. The senior boy turned to him, some slight surprise in his look and tone.

"Do you know, Bywater?"

"Pretty well, Gaunt. There are two fellows in this school, one's at your desk, one's at the third desk, and I believe they'd either of them do me a nasty turn if they could. It was one of them."

"Who d'ye mean?" asked Gaunt, eagerly.

Bywater laughed.

"Thank you. If I tell now, it may defeat the ends of justice, as the newspapers say. I'll wait till I am sure—and then, let him look to himself. *I* won't spare him, and I don't fancy Pye will."

"You'll never find out if you don't find out at once, Bywater," cried Hurst.

"Sha'n't I? You'll see," was the significant answer. "It's some distance from here to the vestry of the cathedral, and a fellow could scarcely steal there and steal back again without being seen by somebody. It was done stealthily, mark you; and when folks go on stealthy errands they are safe to be met."

Before he had finished speaking, a gentlemanly-looking boy, of about twelve, with delicate features, a damask flush on his face, and wavy auburn hair, sprung up with a start.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "I saw—." And there he came to a sudden halt, and the flush on his cheek grew deeper, and then faded again. It was a face of exceeding beauty, refined almost as a girl's, and it had gained for him in the school the *sobriquet* of "Miss."

"What's the matter with you, Miss Charley?"

"Oh, nothing, Bywater."

"Charley Channing," exclaimed Gaunt, "do you know who did it?"

"If I did, Gaunt, I should not tell," was the fearless answer.

"*Do* you know it, Charley?" cried Tom Channing, who was one of the seniors of the school.

"Where's the good of asking that wretched little muff?" burst forth Gerald Yorke. "He's only a girl. How do you know it was not one of the lay-clerks, Bywater? They carry ink in their pockets, I'll lay. Or any of the masons might have gone into the vestry, for the matter of that."

"It wasn't a lay-clerk, and it wasn't a mason," stoically nodded Bywater. "It was a college boy. And I shall lay my finger upon him as soon as I'm a little bit surer than I am. I am three parts sure now."

"If Charley Channing does not suspect somebody, I'm not here," exclaimed Hurst, who had closely watched the movement spoken of; and he brought his hand down fiercely on the desk as he spoke. "Come, Miss Channing, just shell out what you know; it's a shame the choristers should lie under the ban; and of course we *shall* do so, with Pye."

"You be quiet, Hurst, and let Miss Charley alone," drawled Bywater. "I don't want him, of anybody else, to get pummelled to powder; "I'll find it out for myself, I say. Won't my old aunt be in a way though, when she sees the surplice, and finds she has got another to make? I say, Hurst, didn't you croak out that solo? Their lordships in the wigs will be soliciting your photograph as a keepsake."

"I hope they'll set it in diamonds," retorted Hurst.

The boys began to file out, putting on their trenchers as they clattered down the steps. Charley Channing sat himself down in the cloisters on a pile of books, as if willing that the rest should pass out before him. His brother saw him sitting there, and came up to him, speaking in an undertone:—

"Charley, you know the rules of the school; one boy must not tell of another. As Bywater says, you'd get pummelled to powder."

"Look here, Tom. I tell you—"

"Hold *your* tongue, boy!" sharply cried Tom Channing. "Do you forget that I am a senior? You heard the master's words. We know no brothers in school life, you must remember."

Charley laughed.

"Tom, you think I am a child, I believe. I didn't enter the school yesterday. All I was going to tell you was this: I don't *know* any more than you who inked the surplice; and suspicion goes for nothing."

"All right," said Tom Channing, as he flew after the rest; and Charley sat on, and fell into a reverie.

The senior boy of the school, you have heard, was Gaunt. The other three seniors, Tom Channing, Harry Huntley, and Gerard Yorke, possessed a considerable deal of power; but nothing equal to that vested in Gaunt. They had all three entered the school on the same day, and had kept pace with each other as they worked their way up in it, consequently not one could be said to hold the priority; and when Gaunt should quit the school at the following Michaelmas, one of the three would become senior. Which? you may wish to ask. Ah, we don't know that, yet.

Charley Channing—a truthful, good boy, full of integrity, kind and loving by nature, and a universal favorite—sat tilted on the books. He was wishing with all his heart that he had not seen something which he had seen that day. He had been going through the cloisters in the afternoon, about the time that all Helstonleigh, college boys included, were in the streets watching for the sheriff's procession, when he saw one of the seniors steal (Bywater had been happy in the epithet) out of the cathedral into the quiet cloisters, peer about him, and then throw a broken ink-bottle over into the graveyard, which the cloisters inclosed. The boy stole away without perceiving Charley; and there sat Charley now, trying to persuade himself by some ingenious sophistry—which, however, he knew *was* sophistry—that the senior might not have been the one in the mischief; that the ink-bottle might have been on legitimate duty, and that he threw it from him because it was broken. Charles Channing did not like these unpleasant secrets. There was in the school a code of honor—the boys called it so—that one should not tell of another; and if the head master ever went the length of calling the seniors to his aid, those seniors deemed themselves compelled to declare it, if the fault became known to them. Hence Tom Channing's hasty arrest of his brother's words.

"I wonder if I could see the ink-bottle there?" quoth Charles to himself. Rising from the books, he ran through the cloisters to a certain part, and there, by a dexterous spring, perched himself on to the frame of the open mullioned windows. The grave stones lay pretty thick in the square inclosed yard, the long, dank grass growing around them; but there appeared to be no trace of an ink bottle.

"What on earth are you mounted up there for? Come down instantly. You know the row there has been about the walls getting defaced."

The speaker was Gerald Yorke, who had come up silently. Openly disobey him young Channing dared not, for the seniors exacted obedience in school and out of it.

"I'll get down directly, sir. I am not hurting the wall."

"What are you looking at? What is there to see?" demanded Yorke.

"Nothing particular. I was looking for what I can't see," pointedly returned Charley.

"Look here, Miss Channing; I don't quite understand you to-day. You were excessively mysterious in the school, just now, over that surplice affair. Who's to know you were not in the mess yourself?"

"I think you might know it," returned Charley, as he jumped down. "It was more likely to have been you than I."

Yorke laid hold of him, clutching his jacket with a firm grasp.

"You insolent ape on two legs! Now, what do you mean? You don't stir from here till you tell me."

"I'll tell you, Mr. Yorke; I'd rather tell," cried the boy, sinking his voice to a whisper. "I was here when you came peeping out of the college doors this afternoon, and I saw you come up to this niche, and fling away an ink-bottle."

Yorke's face flushed scarlet. He was a tall, strong fellow, with a pale complexion, thick, projecting lips, and black hair, promising fair to make a Hercules—but all the Yorkes were finely framed. He gave young Channing a taste of his strength; the boy, when shaken, was in his hands as a very reed.

"You miserable imp! Do you know who is said to be the father of lies?"

"Let me alone, sir. It's no lie, and you know it's not. But I promise you on my honor that I won't split. I'll keep it in close, always, if I can. The worst of me is, I bring things out sometimes without thought," he added, ingenuously. "I know I do; but I'll try and keep in this. You needn't be in a passion, Yorke; I couldn't help seeing what I did. It wasn't my fault."

Yorke's face had gone purple with passion.

"Charles Channing, if you don't unsay what you have said, I'll beat you to within an inch of your life."

"I can't unsay it," was the answer.

"You can't!" reiterated Yorke, grasping him as a hawk would a pigeon. "How dare you brave me to my presence? Unsay the lie you have told."

"I am in God's presence, Yorke, as well as in yours," cried the boy, reverently; "and I dare not tell a lie."

"Then take your whacking! I'll teach you what it is to invent fabrications! I'll put you up for—"

Yorke's tongue and hands stopped. Turning out of the private cloister entrance of the deanery, right upon them, had come Dr. Gardner, one of the prebendaries. He cast a displeased glance at Yorke, not speaking; and little Channing, touching his trencher to the doctor, flew to the place where he had left his books, caught them up, and ran out of the cloisters towards home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Turner, by way of a joke, once sent a picture to the exhibition so cunningly executed as to so occasion some doubt which side should be hung uppermost. The manager hung the picture upside down, but, having a doubt about it, wrote to Turner, stating what he had done, requesting an immediate reply. In due time it came to hand, and consisted merely of two words—"Turn her."

☞ Old Isaac T. Hopper once reproved a friend of his for a speculation he had made in whiskey. "It was a good chance to turn a penny," said the man, "and I must live, you know." "If you deal in whiskey, I can't see the least necessity for it?" said the stern philanthropist, "for your life will be a misfortune to the human race."

☞ I have heard persons condemn fairy tales as "trash, unfit for children." But no properly balanced mind can subsist on bare facts; they must be varied by fancies, as the landscape by lights and shades. The rainbow spanning cloud or cataract is not tangible; the frost pictures on the pane are unreal and evanescent; the world that trembles in the dew-drop does not exist therein; the hues of the flower, even—what are they but the fantasies of light? These are nature's fairy tales; yet in all her fictions she hides realities; and from the creations of the imagination truths exhale, as perfumes from the lily and the rose.

☞ A lady asked a pupil at a public examination of the Sunday School, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read the Pharisees "strained at gnats, and swallowed camels."

☞ There are many people whose whole wisdom consists in hiding their want of it.

☞ It is only in the world of dreams that we have the rainbow without the storm.

☞ Tennyson says that every sea is full of life. He should have excepted the Dead Sea.

☞ The Star Spangled Banner which waves over the capitol of Tennessee, was for seven months sewed inside a bed quilt by a Union man of Nashville, who slept under it every night.

☞ Rev. Dr. Magoon, in his prayer in the Assembly, prayed "that the men of principle might ever be our principal men." A very neat bon mot, and the Doctor can take the premium.

☞ If law could drive all the evil out of the world, the people of New England would have been all saints about two centuries ago.

☞ A London exchange says that a brewer's drayman lately died in that city, at the age of 91, who had for ten years drank ten or twelve quarts of beer in a day. And that's what ale'd him.

☞ The man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

☞ "I am afraid, sir, you are in a settled melancholy." "No, madam, my melancholy won't settle; it has too much grounds."

NEWS ITEMS.

AT Island No. 10 a balloon ascension from our lines have discovered that our bombs have generally fallen beyond the enemy's batteries.

Two guns, left by the rebels at Shipping Point battery, on the Potomac, have been taken by our troops and brought to Washington. Large numbers of rebel troops are congregating at Rappahannock to make a stand.

GEN. CAMERON has tendered to Bayard Taylor the post of Secretary of the Russian Legation. It is as yet uncertain whether he will accept.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, at the instance of Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, has pardoned two British subjects convicted of mutiny on board of an American vessel.

THE Ocean Queen is being iron plated at New York. She is a very strong vessel.

A PATRIOTIC MOTHER.—The venerable mother—nearly if not quite forescore—of one who recently fell bravely leading on his troops in battle, gazed calmly upon the face of her son (says the Boston Transcript) after his body was brought home for burial. At last a movement was made by a friend to cover the face. The noble woman put him gently aside, and carefully performing the act herself, said:—"My son, I have covered you many times before; now I do it for the last time and with the flag of your country!"

GENERAL SHIELDS states that the rebels admit having had 11,000 men in the late battle near Winchester, and to have lost from 1,000 to 1,500 killed and wounded.

AN Indiana regiment has occupied Columbia, Tennessee, and 2,000 United States troops have passed the Cumberland mountains and captured two rebel companies. A courier who had arrived at Knoxville, reports that from 4,000 to 6,000 United States troops were 25 miles from that place, and advancing.

THE lower House of the rebel Congress had passed a resolution advising that no cotton should be planted this year. The Senate negatived it.

TENNESSEE UNIONISTS.—The Hon Emerson Etheridge has written a letter from Nashville, stating that the Hon. Wm. H. Polk, a brother of the late President Polk, is in that city, and that the Hon. W. B. Stokes is shortly expected. They are both strong Union men, and will co-operate with Governor Johnson in putting the state machinery into operation. Our national currency is as good there as in New York, while Confederate notes command only thirty cents on the dollar. The prospects of conciliation are encouraging.

SIAM.—Among the charming customs of the Siamese people is one which will particularly commend itself to people who hate children and are bothered by noisy boys. Homicide in Siam is punishable at a regular tariff of prices. Thus the penalty for killing a babe of from one to three months is six "ticul," or about $3,50; for a child of four years about $10; for a boy of fifteen about $15; and for a man between twenty-six and forty nearly $30. Beyond the age of forty years the penalties decrease, so that it is no more expensive to kill an old man from eighty-six to ninety years than an infant of two months. Women can be killed at two-thirds of the rates for males. Another custom is that which allows a man to hire out his wife to his creditor as a slave, and thus cancel his debt by means of her toil.

Trying Times in the Rebel Metropolis—Not Whipped Since Dinner.

The Richmond *correspondent* of the New Orleans Crescent is disposed to look philosophically on the bright side of affairs. The following is an extract from one of his recent jovial epistles:—

"You will naturally desire to know how the people in the Confederate metropolis stand these trying times—for it is evident that we are not safe, in these days of light-draft gun-boats and high water. I answer, in the main, we stand it very well. Some, to be sure, are down-hearted, and nobody wears as broad a grin as they did the day after the battle of Leesburg. Still, there is a universal determination to do or die—to go down, if need be, with our harness on, warring like a brave people to the last. I passed General Wigfall on my return from dinner, and asked him if there was any news. 'No,' said he, 'I don't believe we have been whipped since dinner; I expect, though, to hear of another defeat in the next five minutes.'

"Somehow I can't help thinking of Halleck's assertion by telegraph to McClellan, that 'the Union flag is on the soil of Tennessee, never to be removed.' This is brag, but the Yankees have, up to this time, stuck like leeches wherever they have effected a landing. They entrench themselves, and at the first spadeful of earth thrown up by them our Generals give right up and say all is lost.—They have attacked us repeatedly in trenches and forts, and carried the latter invariably, while we, with the exception of the St. Nicholas affair, and a few others, have not done a daring thing through the whole war. Another noticeable difference between the Yankees and ourselves, is that they follow up their victories, while we squat down in our tracks the moment a battle is ended. This is a shameful fact, which disheartens me more than anything else. I have no hope now in anybody but God and Beauregard."

☞ JONAH NOT A TOBACCO CHEWER.—A preacher, whose text led him to speak of the prophet Jonah, remarked, incidentally—"I am of the opinion Jonah was an old man, neither smoking nor chewing, from the fact that the fish retained him so long in his stomach. If the fish had swallowed the house we are worshipping in, he no doubt would have vomited himself to death."

☞ The widow of the late Tycoon of Japan, uses with skill and pleasure the sewing machine presented by an American manufacturer.

☞ We have about two hundred and fifty male, and about one hundred and thirty female proper names. It is a little singular that but little more than a tenth of these are, in any degree, common. There are more men named John, James, George, Henry, Thomas, and Richard, than there are of all the other names put together. So among females, Mary, Anne, Elizabeth, Eliza, Sarah, and Jane, form a majority of the whole.

☞ THE MONITOR.—We are informed that the Monitor is no new invention of Mr. Ericsson's, but that she is the result of twenty-five years' study toward an invulnerable siege battery. During the Crimean war, Mr. Ericsson proposed the building of a similar vessel to Louis Napoleon, who expressed himself very much pleased with the design, but declined to carry it into execution.

☞ The rebels are entertaining the propriety of adopting a new flag. There is too much *blue* in their present standard. The best thing they can do is to adopt a white flag and come under the stars and stripes again, and behave themselves.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE rebel steamer Merrimac is said to have come out of her conflict with the Monitor in a sinking condition, with six feet of water in her hold, her fires drowned out, and obliged to be towed into Norfolk. But she has been repaired and strengthened, and is again ready.

SENATOR CHANDLER, of Michigan, in the U. S. Senate recently, said he knew there was such an organization as the Knights of the Golden Circle, and it was very wide spread. At the commencement of the war, the Knights of the Golden Circle thought they would be very patriotic, and go into the army, and to his certain knowledge a large number of the worst traitors were in the United States Army, and they are there now.

CATTLE DISEASE.—The cattle disease is prevailing to an alarming extent in Burlington county. It was brought there by some diseased stock from Philadelphia. Two farmers have recently lost twenty six cows by the disease.—*Trenton Republican.*

LEOTARD, the gymnast, has just concluded a European engagement for two years certain, by which he binds himself to give eight performances a week. For this he is to receive his expenses—namely, suitable "bed and board," and the enormous sum of £500 a week, or no less than £26,000 a year.

BLONDIN'S profits in England are estimated at between £30,000 and £40,000.

THE AMERICAN BLOCKADE.—We must do our duty and abide the consequences. The *blockade is maintained only too well, and, if that be granted, we have no excuse for acting it at naught.—London Times.*

IN consequence of the case of John Anderson, the escaped slave, the Duke of Newcastle has before the House of Commons a bill providing that in future no writ of *habeas corpus* shall issue from England into any colony where there is a lawfully established court of justice authorized to issue such writs.

THOSE who purchased gold at 8 per cent. to hold for a rise, are not a little disappointed at the turn of the market, and now may console themselves with the announcement just made that the Government has already enough coin on hand to pay so much of its interest as falls due on the 1st April, and therefore will not come into the market as a buyer.

THE banking house of the Bank of Tennessee, in Nashville, was, a few days ago, taken possession of by the United States authorities. All the books, papers and money, however, had been removed by the rebel authorities in their flight from the city. The Bank is now doing business at Chattanooga.

IT now turns out that the rebel privateer Nashville has successfully eluded the blockading squadron and escaped to sea again.—Fort Macon was not blown up.

CONTRACT BY TELEGRAPH.—A short time ago a question was raised in one of the Law Courts at Berlin as to whether a merchant who has ordered the purchase of shares by telegraph could refuse payment of them, afterwards, on the plea that there was no written contract. The Court decided that the telegraphic order constituted an obligation equivalent to a written contract.

IRREMEABLE.—The Paris *Patrie* asserts that a member of the English Cabinet recently declared to a deputation from the manufacturing districts, that according to information from Washington, an amicable separation of the North and South will take place about June, and the basis of the treaty will be that Tennessee, Missouri, and Kentucky will return to the Union; the two republics to have no land customs line; the search for slaves to be prohibited in all the States, and that slavery must disappear within thirty years.

COTTON PLANTERS IN TROUBLE.—It would seem that the cotton planters are in a dilemma, by the following paragraph taken from a Louisiana paper:

"The trouble of coming to an understanding in relation to the planting of a new crop, arises chiefly from the fact that our planters fear to forbear planting, so undetermined is the matter of blockade. It is not improbable that this reason may be weighty enough to prevent a general union of action, despite all argument to oppose it. There has been no general action taken by the cotton interest."

A UNION FLAG IN EAST TENNESSEE.—The Richmond Whig of the 4th ult. learns that an attempt was made recently by some Union men to raise a Union flag at Jonesborough, Tenn., which led to a row between secessionists and Unionists, resulting in the killing of three of the latter.

IT is the impression of some naval officers that it was not the rebel steamer Merrimac which caused such havoc among our vessels at Fortress Monroe. They contend that the vessel was not as large as the Merrimac, but another iron clad vessel which the rebels had sent out as an experiment. The belief is that the rebels have three or four iron clad vessels, and that they are holding the Merrimac back for a grand *coup d'etat.*

IT is said that, in anticipation of an attack and the capture of New Orleans, the bulk of the cotton stored therein (some 11,000 bales) was being sent on shipboard, and placed under the protection of foreign flags.

ADVICES from Fort Pickens show that the garrison of the fort have discovered the partial evacuation of Pensacola by the rebels; but there seems to be a garrison still in the place, and the guns of the various rebel works are turned inland, as though expecting an attack from Butler's army. Fugitive negroes say that there are three thousand rebels there, poorly armed.

FROM rebel sources, via Memphis, we have a report that Fort Pike, below New Orleans, has been captured by the U. S. troops. The Union prisoners at Memphis are harshly dealt with by the rebels, and one of them had been shot for looking out of the window of his prison. The rebels are building three gunboats at Memphis.

AN agent of the Japan Government is said to have contracted with the Queen City Oil Company, Buffalo, for four hundred gallons of petroleum.

BULL RUN CANNON RECAPTURED.—A sergeant of the Twenty-First Massachusetts Regiment writes that among the cannon captured by Gen. Burnside at Newbern were thirteen brass field pieces taken by the enemy at Bull Run.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans Delta, since the recent victories in the West, has contained several articles in favor of a restoration of the Union. It is reported that the state of things in that city threatens open riot. (Doubtful.)

GEN. ROSECRANS has issued orders announcing to the troops under his command the probable early coming of Gen. Fremont to assume command of the new "Mountain Department," and directing them to be prepared to report to the proper headquarters.

GEN. MANSFIELD keeps the Federal flag flying on the mainmast of the frigate Cumberland, the top of which sticks out of water, within rifle-shot of his entrenchments at Newport News. He says it shall wave there until the waves break up the good old ship.

THE Louisville Journal says it has been suggested that old Mr. Bell ran away from Nashville because he was afraid of "the enforcement of the laws."

THE New York Times says: "Fanny Fern, we regret to hear, has felt obliged to separate from her husband, Mr. James F. Parton, whom she charges with inflicting upon her violent personal usage."

THE UNION ARMY AT SAVANNAH, TENN.

The special correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says:—

The greater part of the Tennessee river expedition arrived at Savannah, Tenn., on the evening and during the night of the 11th. As the sun rose over the canebrakes that line the river banks, it disclosed such a scene as neither that nor indeed any river on the continent ever witnessed before. For nearly two miles up and down the stream lay the fleet. More vessels were constantly arriving; the channel was filled with them, gliding about in search of landings near their respective brigade headquarters, and the air was heavy with the murky smoke from hundreds of puffing chimneys.

The shores were covered with the disembarked soldiers, eagerly rushing everywhere and scrutinizing everything with a genuine Yankee determination to see whatever might be worth seeing "away down here in Dixie."

Half-a-dozen regiments were brought out on dress parade, and the delighted inhabitants of the pleasant little country town of Savannah crowded into the streets or peeped out behind the curtains of second-story windows to see the unwonted sight, and convince their halting faith that, beyond peradventure, the Yankees *were* there at least to defend them in their ill-concealed preference for the Union cause.

The expedition had indeed reached the sunny South. We were seventeen miles from the Mississippi line, and only twenty-five or thirty from the northwest corner of Alabama, precisely as far south as the northern line of South Carolina, and farther down than any of our armies, excepting the small ones that have gone around by the sea-coast expeditions.

SOUTHERN TENNESSEE UNIONISM.—There was evidence through the day that the practical Union sentiment along the Tennessee was not wholly a myth. Some 150 citizens of the town and county volunteered for the war to fill up the Donelson-thinned ranks of the Illinois regiments that were the first to disembark.

Gen. Smith, promoted for Donelson service, had received his Major General's commission, and by virtue of it had the command of the movements in the field, as next to Gen. Grant, the ranking officer of the district.

Gen. Smith's headquarters boat was landed at the Savannah wharf about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 12th. His yawl came across to Gen. Lewis Wallace's headquarters, on the opposite side of the stream, and the two Generals had a brief conference.

The group was one worth studying. The two Generals—between whom certain newspapers have sought to foster rivalries and jealousies, though I happen to know that the most cordial feeling has existed between them all the time—presented a marked contrast. Smith must be 50, if not 55 years of age, has been 20 years in the regular army, and has allowed the regular army ways to become stereotyped with him; he has grizzly hair and a noble white moustache, with a lion-like front, massive head and imposing general physique. Wallace does not look over 35, is rather slight in figure, with black hair, full beard and moustache, a keen, sparkling eye, and quick, active movements.

A thorough tactician, and one of the very best drill officers in Indiana, he has not forgotten the arts of civil life, and, though of few words, and, when occasion demands, stern as the sternest, is a perfect pet among his men, who pride themselves especially on belonging to "Lew. Wallace's fighting crowd." By their side sat a young aid of Smith's you caught yourself fairly staring at. His general appearance was that of a bedizened captain of a fancy city company in peaceful times; but you ceased to smile as you caught, on the flashing decorations that crossed his breast, the word of glory forever —"Balaklava." He rode with the six hundred—what better title to immortality could any man show?

THE NEW TREASURY NOTES.

The first of the new issue of notes will be ready on Friday, and the Secretary thenceforward will be able to make all his settlements and payments promptly, aided as he is by the law giving him power to issue certificates of indebtedness. It will take sixty days to prepare $90,000,000, which is all the Secretary has control of under the law, $60,000,000 being required to replace an equal amount of old notes now in use. By the middle of June the currency will reach its maximum of inflation through the use of demand notes. With reasonable military success in the interval, United States 6s promise to advance to a point where the conversion of these notes will commence. We a day or two ago noticed the negotiation at New York, for the convenience of the Government, of $3,000,000 of the 7.30 Treasury notes at par. We now learn that applications for large sums have since been made to the Assistant Treasurer there by parties who failed to obtain any part of the three millions negotiated. We are also informed that foreign orders have, for several days, been on the Philadelphia market for several millions of the Government 6s of 1881. These bonds are now selling at 94½, which, rate of interest considered, is considerably higher than the 7.30s at par. The difference is in consequence of the longer time the 7.30s have to run. These orders to purchase are indications that the English capitalists have faith in the ultimate success of the Union cause in putting down rebellion. One other effect of foreign purchases on our loans will be to keep the apparent balance of trade in our favor, and so save an export of coin for the time being.—*Philada. Ledger of March 27th.*

THE MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF TENNESSEE.—NASHVILLE, March 25.—Gov. Johnson has put the newspapers of this State under military rules, and suppressed one or two. He has issued a proclamation of a conciliatory character, in which he says he desired to win the people back to the Union, but should deal rigorously with treason.

Hon. Emerson Etheridge made a speech, in which he said that slavery would be abolished if the rebels could not be conquered in any other way.

The new government is to go into operation this week, and a warning has been given that any one uttering treason shall be arrested.

The Union feeling is gaining ground. Business has been generally resumed, all the stores being again open and prices much reduced.

ANECDOTE OF SLIDELL.—John Slidell, who is celebrated, among similar virtues, for his profanity, is the subject of the following anecdote in the Boston Congregationalist:—"A Christian gentleman was released from Fort Warren last week, and called at the Tract House on his way to his home in Virginia. In the course of conversation, he mentioned that Mr. Slidell approached him one day, saying: 'Mr. ——, how is it that you never drink or smoke? and I notice that you never swear. Why do you not swear?' 'Oh,' said Mr. ——, 'I have enough to make me humble without adding that evil.' 'Well,' said Mr. Slidell, 'you don't know how good it is sometimes. I advise you to try it. It is a great relief to me.'"

The Iron Clad Steamer Merrimac.

The following from the Richmond correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent, written before the late fight with the Monitor, will be read with interest:—

As it is almost certain that the Merrimac will either have proved a brilliant success or a miserable failure before this reaches you; it will not be improper in me to give your readers a few facts in regard to her. In the first place, her engines are five hundred and ten horse power; and, in spite of her great weight, it is thought she will make from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. She does not draw by a foot and a half as much water as was expected. When afloat she presents to the enemy only a roof above the water. All of her machinery is below the water line. Her sides and roof are composed of oak twenty-eight inches thick, covered with six inches of plate and railroad iron. She has an apparatus for throwing hot water on boarders. Her armament consists of ten guns only, all rifled.

The guns in her sides, four in number, are eighty-pounders. Those at the bow and stern throw a one hundred-pound solid shot, or a one hundred and twenty pound shell, and these guns have three ports, which enable her to give a broadside of six guns. She has furnaces for heating shot. Her crew consists of ten lieutenants and three hundred and fifty picked men, and among them are the best gunners in the old navy. She has under water a wedge-shaped prow of oak and iron thirty-three feet long. Commodore Buchanan commands her, and the second in command is Catesby Jones, both men of the highest order of courage. Buchanan has confidence in her, and says he is going to glory or a grave in her; Jones is less confident, but says she is as good a place to die in as a man could have. The objection to her, and it is a serious one, is the fact that she is entirely dependent on her machinery; if that gets out of order she becomes a mere log in the water. But if that hold out, it is fair to expect that she will do some damage to the two Yankee frigates now lying off Newport News, before this week ends. Let us not be too sanguine, but hope for the best. She may help us out of our great difficulty.

WHAT THE ENGLISH PAPERS SAY OF THE LATE VICTORIES.

The mail steamship China has brought the English papers for the week ending the 15th. Full particulars of the capture of Fort Donelson had been received and commented on. So had Jeff. Davis's lugubrious address to his Congress. Also, the news of the occupation of Nashville, the advance to Winchester, and the defeat of Price in Arkansas. The English papers admit, generally, that the Federals are going ahead, and that Lord Russell's statement that the contest would be ended in ninety days bids fair to be realized. Under these disheartening circumstances the London Times finds relief in the reflection that we have only regained the border states, and that when our troops advance into the southern "country," where, for a distance of five hundred miles east, south and west of Nashville, all is southern in interest and feeling, their progress "may be very like fighting the air or lashing the waves." It believes the conquest of the South to be impossible so long as the Confederates are animated by their present feelings. It also thinks that the great western states, having done the best part of the fighting, will refuse to contribute toward paying "the monster debt," and leave that to be settled by the New England states. But, in the absence of W. H. Russell's prophetic spirit to guide it, the Times is a little at a loss what to think. We learn from the most recent letter of "our special" that he is on his way back from Montreal to Washington. He has a word to say in praise of Secretary Stanton—which is judicious, as he may have to ask favors of that high functionary. He is also at a loss to conceive how the eastern states are to bear up against the burden which will be thrown upon them even if the South be subdued; and he thinks that, when that much desired consummation shall have been brought about, the million of men now under arms will prefer to continue fighting rather than be disbanded. As these words are italicized, Mr. Russell intends great stress to be laid upon them; and, he adds, that the way in which the soldiers will be employed will be in sweeping from this continent every vestige of foreign governments. This is intended as a warning to England.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

A Democratic conference was held Tuesday evening of last week at Washington, continuing in session until a late hour. The call was signed by all excepting four or five of the members of Congress who were elected as Democrats. Representative Corning presided, and Representatives Pendleton and Shiel acted as Secretaries.

An injunction was placed upon all present not to reveal the proceedings. It is, however, ascertained from private conversations, that the proceedings of the Conference were principally confined to the consideration of the resolutions reported from a committee of which Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, was chairman, declaring, in substance, that the restoration of the Union and maintenance of the Constitution require that the organization and principles of the Democratic party of the United States should be fully and faithfully adhered to, and inviting all citizens, without distinctions of sections or party, to co-operate with the Democracy in supporting the Constitution and restoring the old Union.

A committee of one from each State represented by Democrats, either in the Senate or House, was appointed to report at a future Conference. The names of the members are not yet known. It is understood that several members from the Border Slave States were present and participated in the proceedings. The entire number at the meeting was about forty. The proceedings are represented as having been harmonious.

A TRUSTY BEAU.—A lady last night was walking briskly down Chestnut street, evidently upon business. A magnificent black and white Newfoundlander walked by her side. Having no arm to give her, he held one end of her handkerchief, by way of substitute, in his teeth. He kept an eye and a half upon his charge, and used the other upon the sidewalk loafers who scanned the lady as she passed. At Eighth and Chestnut streets, where gamblers often congregate in the evening to "rope in" greenhorns to a crib in Walnut street, near Eleventh, a two-legged puppy made a motion toward the lady, when doggy showed a set of ivories that caused the loafer to turn his back at sudden notice. As the quadruped walked along he seemed proud of the charge, while the lady, we opine, felt quite as safe as if leaning upon the arm of a husband.—*Philadelphia North American.*

☞ WRITE LEGIBLY.—It is stated by one who knows, that a great many persons who write to the Government Departments on business receive no attention for the reason that they write their names in such a style as to be wholly unintelligible. Fancy signatures never trouble the clerks much; for the instant they discover trouble in deciphering them, the communications to which they are appended are thrown aside.

THE ROSINE ASSOCIATION.—*The Managers of the Rosine Association* intend holding their annual meeting at *Handel and Hayden Hall* on Thursday, April 3d, at 3 o'clock P. M.

Several speakers are expected to address the meeting; and we earnestly hope our female friends will come up nobly to the work, in which their services, sympathies, and benevolence are so much needed.

By order of the Board, H. PROBASCO, Secretary.

☞ Education, timid and mistrustful of her work, enforces what has been, rather than what should be, as our law takes a foolish precedent before a wise expediency. Thus the world, being a continual copy, halts at the verge of excellence.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues extremely dull; some 5000 bbls Flour, mostly taken in small lots for shipment, at $5@5,12½ for superfine; $5,25@5,50 for common and good extras; $5,62½@5,87½ for family, and $6@6,25 for fancy Ohio. The sales to the trade have been very light within the above range of prices, and high grade fancies at $6,50@7 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour is steady, with further sales of 200 bbls at $4,25 for standard, and $3,37½@3,50 for better brands and extra. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and Penna Meal sells slowly at $3,75 ₱ bbl; 1500 bbls Brandywine sold during the week on terms kept private.

GRAIN—There has been a fair demand for Wheat at fully former rates, but prices within a day or two have fallen off 2@3c ₱ bus, with sales of about 30,000 bus, in lots, at 130@134c for common to good and choice Penna Reds in store, leaving off dull, and with more sellers than buyers, at 132c, to arrive. White ranges at 137@145c, with limited sales. Rye has been in good request, and all offered, about 8000 bus Penna, sold at 70@71c, chiefly at the former figure, at which rate it is wanted. Corn is unchanged, and some 48,000 bus were disposed of at 54c for Southern Yellow, and 50@53c for damp lots, including some in store on terms kept private, and White at 58@60c, the latter for prime Southern afloat. Oats have been extremely dull, and only about 12,000 bus Penna found buyers, in lots, at 35@36c in store. Barley and Malt are quiet. Some further sales of the former, which is scarce, are reported at full prices, and 5000 bus of the latter on terms kept private.

PROVISIONS—The receipts of the Hog product generally continue moderate, but the demand is limited and the sales of barrelled meats small at $18@18½, mostly for Western Mess Pork, and $18@18 ₱ bbl for Western and city packed Mess Beef. A sale of Dominick's Beef Hams was made at $17. Bacon is not inquired for, and prices are nearly nominal. Of Green Meats the sales are to a fair extent at 5@6½c for Hams in salt and pickle, 5@5½c for Sides, and 4½@4¾ for Shoulders, cash and time. Lard is steady; about 2000 pkgs sold at 7½@7¾c for country, 8@8¼c for prime Western in tierces and bbls, cash and time, and kegs at 8½@8¾c. Butter moves off as wanted at 20@c for packed and 13@15c for roll, and the demand limited. Cheese is unchanged and quoted at 6½@7½c ₱ lb. Eggs are plenty and lower, with sales of 12½@12c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market for this staple has been very inactive during the present week, the sales being limited to a few small lots taken by manufacturers at 18@28c for inferior to middling quality, cash, including some West India Cotton at 22@25c ₱ lb.

ASHES—The market is quiet and the prices of both kinds unsettled and lower.

BARK—The arrivals are very light and the demand good at fully former rates, with further sales of about 70 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron, in small lots, at $33½ ₱ ton, at which figure it is scarce and wanted. Of Tanners' Bark we hear of no sales to establish quotations.

BEESWAX is scarce and quoted at 32@33c ₱ lb.

COAL—Prices are steady and firm at the late decline, with rather more activity in the demand both for shipment and home use. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $2,75@3; Prepared do $2,75@3; Red Ash do $2,80@3; Lehigh Lump do $3,25@3,50; Prepared do $3,25; by retail do $4,25; Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COFFEE—The stock on sale is very light, but there is little or no demand for the article, and some 350 bags only have been disposed of, in small lots, at irregular prices, including low grade and prime Rio at 18½@21c, and Laguayra at 21@22c, on time.

COPPER—There is no alteration in the price or demand, and the sales are confined to Yellow Metal at 25c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS are more active, and good Western are moving off freely at 30@33c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are moderate and the market steady at $4@6 ₱ bbl for green Apples; 5@6c for dried do; and 6@9c ₱ lb for unpared Peaches, and the latter dull.

HAY moves off in lots at 70@80c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—Holders are firm in their views, but the stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales.

HOPS continue dull, and a small business to note in Eastern and Western at 16@20c ₱ lb.

IRON is firm but quiet, the high views of holders limiting the operations in Pig Metal to some 600 tons Anthracite, in lots at $23 for No 1 and $21 for No 2, on time. 16,000 tons Glendon gray forge, and 1000 tons mottled do, also sold at $21 for the former and $20 for the latter, on six months' credit, and 150 tons old car wheels at $23, cash. In manufactured there is a fair business doing, and bars and rails command full prices.

LEAD—There is no stock out of the hands of the manufacturers, who have been buying in a neighboring market at rather lower rates.

LUMBER—The active season is about opening, but there is not much doing as yet to alter quotations. Yellow Sap Boards are selling on arrival at $14@15 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is firm but not very active, and some 300 hhds Cuba found buyers, in lots, at 23@26c, the latter for Muscovado, on time; about 200 bbls Syrup also sold at 25@30c, usual time.

PLASTER—There is none arriving or selling, and soft is quoted at $3@3½ ₱ ton.

RICE—There is little or no Carolina here, and it is quoted at 7¼@7¾c. East India is worth 6¼@6¾c, and the demand limited.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed has fallen off, and the dealers are buying in lots at $5@5,25; 800 bus, mostly from second hands, sold at $5,37½@5,50 ₱ bus. The offering and sales are light, reaching about 3,500 bus during the week. Timothy is steady at $2,12½@2,25, and Flaxseed at $2,10@2,15 ₱ bus. Of Red Top further sales are making at $2,50 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy or Gin, but prices are well maintained and firm. N. E. Rum is selling in lots, as wanted, at 35@36c. Whiskey has been unsettled and dull, with limited sales, at 22c for drudge, 23½c for hhds, and 23½@24c for Pennsylvania and Ohio bbls.

SUGAR—The market is steady, with fair receipts and sales; in all about 1200 hhds, mostly Cuba, have been taken at 6¼@7¾c on the usual terms, including some Porto Rico at 7¾@8c, and 133 hhds and 7 tcs of the former, damaged, sold by auction at 3¾@6¾c ₱ lb.

TALLOW is quiet, with further sales of country at 8¼@8¾c, and Western and city rendered at 8¼@8½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The sales of all kinds are limited, and the market somewhat unsettled, the demand being of a very limited character, and the stock of all kinds light.

WOOL—The market continues almost at a stand still, with but little alteration to note in prices, the sales being confined to a few small lots of Fleece and Pulled, within the range of quotations, and some foreign on terms kept private.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9 cents ₱ lb. 85 Cows brought from $20 to 40 ₱ head. 3300 Sheep were sold at from $4,50 to 5,50 ₱ cwt. 1560 Hogs sold at from $5,75 to 6,25 ₱ cwt, net.

TO BUYERS of WATCHES and JEWELRY,—Dollar Stores, Stationery, and Jewelry Envelop Dealers, Gift Enterprises, Indian Trading Expeditions, and everybody buying Watches and Jewelry. Be sure and send for a revised trade list. Address
SALISBURY BROS. & CO., Providence, R. I.
mh29-2t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 39 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. SUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—CAMP UNION, DARNESTOWN, MD., Sept. 18, 1861.—MESSRS. PERRY DAVIS & SON.—*Gentlemen:*—At a meeting of the First Detachment of the Second R. I. Battery, it was voted that Perry Davis's Pain Killer was indispensable in our camp, and we cheerfully recommend it to all volunteers that are about leaving for the war. We have had several in our detachment sick, from exposure, sleeping on the ground, etc., and your Pain Killer has in all cases relieved them at once. We should not feel safe to be without it, and we find it difficult to obtain a supply.
Yours, very respectfully,
Corp. JAS. B. BUFFUM,
Corp. JOHN CHURCH,
And eight others.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. V. D. Reed, D. D., FREDERIC E. KNORR, of this city, to ANNA, daughter of the late David Roe, of Haddonfield, N. J.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. W. Mann, Mr. FRED. GEHNAUER, to Miss KATHARINE CHRISTMANN, both of this city.

On the 26th of Jan. by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. CHRISTOPHER ENGARD, to Miss MARGARET V. FISS, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. GUSTAVUS FRASH, to Miss MARY A. MCMAHON, both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Barns, Mr. RICHARD ALLEN, to Miss SARAH GYGER, both of Delaware county, Pa.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. M. W. ROBINSON, to Miss JULIA E. KENNEDY, both of this city.

On the 8th of Oct. last, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. HARRY FERGUSON, to Miss AMANDA WEINERT, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. D. L. Gear, Mr. SYLVESTER STUBBLE, to Miss SARAH MYERS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, at her residence in Upper Darby, MARY ANN, in her 97th year. She was the mother of 18 children, all of whom attained their majority. The oldest and youngest survive her. The latter is over 60 years of age. The 3d daughter was buried on the 22d ultimo, in her 74th year.

This venerable Friend was about 12 years old when the battle of Brandywine was fought. She retained a vivid remembrance of it. Her father's house and barn afforded shelter to the officers and men on their retreat to Philadelphia. Their necessities were kindly administered to by her parents. She occupied the house she died in over 75 years. She retained her cheerful disposition and unimpaired faculties until within three days of her peaceful departure.

On the 24th ultimo, MARLON HUTCHINSON, in his 79th year.

On the 23d ultimo, ELLEN M. RICHARDS.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 24th ultimo, ISABELLA P. wife of Charles Watson.

At St. Louis, Mo. on the 28th of Feb. STEPHEN F. SUMMERS, formerly of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, KATE R. wife of Thos. Graham, in her 22d year.

On the 25th ultimo, SAMUEL SAUNDERS, in his 66th year.

On the 22d ultimo ANDREW HEADMAN, aged 75 years.

On the 24th ultimo, ELIZABETH EDELMAN, in her 83d year.

On the 24th ultimo, HARRIET ABEL, relict of Jos. Abel, aged 73 years.

On the 23d ultimo, ROBERT G. WALTON, son of Henry R. and Jane Walton, in his 34th year.

On the 24th ultimo, JANE, relict of the late Andrew Brown, in her 94th year.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. MARY A. NEWMAN, wife of Daniel Newman, in her 73d year.

On the 4th ult., CAROLINE, aged 3 years and 6 months; also, on the 24th ult., CASSIUS, aged 5 years and 4 months; daughter and son of Leonidas and Caroline Maenier.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 29, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 50 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	2 to 20 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	1½ dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 2½ dis.
Kentucky	2 to 20 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	1 to 25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 65 dis.
Mississippi	—		

EMPLOYMENT.—A NEW ENTERPRISE.—The FRANKLIN SEWING MACHINE COMPANY want a number of active Local and Travelling Agents. A liberal salary and expenses paid, or commission allowed. Address, with stamp,
HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.
(*Clip this out for reference.*) mh29-13t

CAUTION TO DRUGGISTS.
Beware of counterfeit "MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT." The genuine is wrapped in fine steel plate engravings, with the words "Mexican Mustang Liniment" in a circle surrounding a burning volcano, &c., and "D. S. Barnes" blown in the bottle.
There has been offered for sale, by one John D. Park, an article in general design quite the same, but executed on common stone plate, with the words "A. G. Bragg & Co." in the top of the circle, the word "Mexican" underneath, small and obscured by the smoke of the volcano, and the proprietor's name, D. S. Barnes, omitted from the bottle.
To manufacture or sell a counterfeit trademark is a criminal offence, and the undersigned will strictly enforce his rights civilly and criminally. Information in regard to the whereabouts of the said counterfeit Liniment will be thankfully received. D. S. BARNES,
mar15-4t No. 202 Broadway, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

FARMS!
FOR
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!!!
IN
The Most Fertile State
In the Union.
THE
Illinois Central R. R.
OFFER
Rich Rolling Prairie Land!!
AT
Only $12
PER ACRE.
These Lands are adjacent to the Railroad. A tract of EIGHTY ACRES will make a good comfortable homestead. The purchaser may buy
ON LONG CREDIT!
paying interest at six per cent. annually, and if he has one thousand dollars in money, he can this year, at
THE LOW PRICE
of Lumber, contract for a convenient house, fencing, and farming tools. The Company has sold OVER ONE THOUSAND of such
TRACTS OF LAND
this season. It is well known that Chicago sends more grain to market than all the Western lake ports combined; this is the best proof of the richness and
GREAT VALUE OF
the Illinois Lands. The Illinois Central Railroad was finished in 1856, built through a sparsely settled country. It takes to market this year, upwards of
THIRTEEN MILLIONS OF BUSHELS
of Grain, besides cattle, hogs, and many other products. For further information, apply by letter or in person to
Land Commissioner
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD, Chicago, Ill.

Palmer's
PATENT LEG & ARM
1609 (over) 1609 CHESTNUT ST.
PHILADELPHIA.
B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.
This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.
The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn, (though few are suspected) and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*
Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc16-1y 1609 Chesnut St., Philada.

KOLLOCK'S
DANDELION COFFEE.
This preparation, Made from the best Java Coffee, is recommended by physicians as a superior, NUTRITIOUS BEVERAGE for General Debility, Dyspepsia, and all Bilious disorders. Thousands who have been compelled to abandon the use of Coffee, will use this without injurious effects. One CAN contains the strength of two pounds of ordinary coffee. Price, 25 cents.
KOLLOCK'S LEVAIN.—The purest and best BAKING POWDER known, for making light, sweet and nutritious Bread and Cakes. Price, 15 cents. Manufactured by
M. H. KOLLOCK, Chemist,
Corner of Broad and Chestnut Sts., Philada.
And sold by all Druggists and Grocers,
dec21-1y

RHEUMATISM,
NO DISEASE IS SO CERTAIN OF CURE
by BRANDRETH'S PILLS as this. They soon take out of the blood the particular Virus upon which all the pain depends, and the patient is cured.
Mr. T. M. Adams, 306 Twelfth Street, New York, suffered with Rheumatism for a long period. He was attended by able physicians, but their prescriptions were of no avail; he was unable to move without assistance, and for four months was almost entirely confined to his bed. At this period of his sickness, when hope had fled, and he expected to be a cripple for the remainder of his life, he was recommended to use
BRANDRETH'S PILLS.
The first box evidently made him better; the improvement was more decided from the second box, and by the time he had used eighteen boxes he was entirely cured of Rheumatism, and the strength and suppleness of his limbs were restored. It is now over a year that this cure has been effected, and he has had no return, but continues the enjoyment of perfect health. May 9th, 1861.
Price 25 cents each. Principal Office, 294 Canal street, New York. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. mh22-2teow

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.
DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT has been for thirty years the standard remedy.
RECENT COUGHS, and COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, etc., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and expectorant power.
ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.
BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the cough and pain.
CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation, relieves the cough and pain, and removes the difficulty of breathing, and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.
WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the diseases one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.
In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, etc., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable.
This Expectorant is prepared only at 242 CHESTNUT Street, and for sale by Druggists generally. mar 29-1f

Wit and Humor.

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.
BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Oh, I have a husband as good as can be;
No woman would wish for a better than he!
Sometimes, indeed, he may chance to be wrong,
But his love for me is uncommonly strong!

He has one little fault that makes me fret.
He has always less money, by far, than debt;
Moreover, he wallops me, now and then,—
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

I own he is dreadfully given to drink;
And besides he is rather too fond, I think,
Of playing at cards and dice; but then,
Excepting that, he's the best of men!

He loves to chat with the girls, I know,
'Tis the way with men,—they're always so,—)
But what care I for his flirting,—when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

I can't but say I think he is rash
To pawn my pewter, and spend the cash;
But how can I scold my darling, when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

When soaked with tipple, he's hardly polite,
But knocks the crockery, left and right,
And pulls my hair, and growls again,—
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

Yes—such is the loyalty I have shown;
But I have a spouse who is all my own;
As good, indeed, as a man can be,
And who could ask for a better than he?

A PHILOSOPHIC NEGRO.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from the Cumberland river, gives a humorous account of a colloquy with a philosophic African. He says:

"I noticed upon the hurricane deck to-day an elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle toasting himself against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding upon inquiry that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy losing regiments at the Fort Donelson battle and part of which was aboard, I began to interrogate him upon the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words, as near as my memory serves me:

"'Were you in the fight?'

"'Had a little taste of it, sa.'

"'Stood your ground, did you?'

"'No, sa, I runs.'

"'Run at the first fire, did you?'

"'Yes, sa, and would hab run sooner, had I knowd it war comin.'

"'Why, that wasnt very creditable to your courage?'

"'Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my perfeshun.'

"'Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?'

"'Reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life.'

"'Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?'

"'It's worth more to me, sa.'

"'Then you must value it very highly?'

"'Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis wuld—more dan a million ob dollars, sa; for what would dat be worth to a man wid de bref out ob him? Self-preserbashun am de fust law wid me.'

"'Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?'

"'Nuffin whatever, sa—I regard dem as among de vanities.'

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

ONE OF THE "MEMBERS."

A year or two since, a Mr. B. was elected to represent the town of Shelburne, N. H., in the Legislature. He was a plain old farmer, full of sound sense, and ready for any real work that was needed. When he made his appearance at the State House, it must be confessed that his *tout ensemble* was anything but fashionable. His hat was a perfect relic of antiquity—his coarse frock and trowsers of genuine dapple-gray, homespun—his shirt-bosom the product of his wife's own loom, and his boots of the thickest and most substantial cowhide. As Mr. B. entered the lobby, there were several young "members" standing about the fire, and supposing the newcomer to be only a visitor, they merely cast a glance at his weather-browned face, turned up their noses at his verdant look, and then continued their conversation. B. took a seat near the stove.

"No room here for visitors," said one of the flippants.

"Oh, I am a member."

"*You* a member!" uttered the first speaker.

"Sartin," responded B., in a mild tone.

"Where from?"

"Shelburne."

"Well," said the fashionably-dressed "member," with a disdainful look at the rough, coarse dress of the farmer, "haven't the folks in Shelburne got anybody else to send here?"

"Oh, as for that matter, responded Mr. B., with perfect good-nature, "I s'pose there a good many men there that knows more'n I do, *but they hain't any of 'em got any clothes that's fit to wear!*"

The fledglings were floored, and before the session closed, they found that the "member from Shelburne" could see *through* a question as far as they could see *around* it.

☞ Why is an author the most peculiar of animals? Because his tale comes out of his head.

☞ "Drop me a line," as the drowning man said to the fellow on deck.

REPORTERS' ENGLISH.

Penny-a-Lining.	*English.*
A person rejoicing in the cognomen of Smith.	Mr. Smith.
Who lives not a thousand miles from Brixton.	Living at Brixton.
Great excitement was occasioned throughout the entire district of Marylebone by a report that—	I was told at the public-house that--
Employment will be given to gentlemen of the long robe.	The parties go to law.
The devouring element extended its ravages to the adjacent edifice.	The next house was burnt.
The forthcoming racing meeting is a most engrossing topic of conversation among the racing fraternity.	The turf rogues are betting on next week's races.
The audience manifested their appreciation of the effort made for their entertainment by frequent and hearty plaudits.	There was much applause.
The commodious erection for the accommodation of the vaccine attendants at the market was yesterday inaugurated.	The new cow-shed was opened.
The performance of the National Anthem brought a delightful evening to an appropriate termination.	The concert ended with *God Save the Queen.*
The worthy Magistrate, who seemed horrorstruck at the revolting details which were presented to his attention, addressed the prisoner in the most impressive manner.	Mr. Æacus said that Jones was a disgusting fellow, and that a month in jail would do him good.
Finally the electric wire flashed the welcome message that we had not to chronicle an addition to the records of railway casualties.	We got a telegram that the train was in, safe.
One of those gratifying *re-unions* which tend so happily to diversify the relations between employers and employed, was witnessed on Tuesday, when the well known hostelry, at Highgate, under the charge of "mine host," Mr. Burly, opened its hospitable doors, &c.	On Tuesday Jobbings and Sons, of Fleet street, gave their workmen a good dinner at the King's Head, Highgate.
A project, originating in the inventive talent of Mr. William Snooks, of Poplar, has been ventilated, and may tend to the facilitating the traffic of that busy vicinity.	Snooks, of Poplar, wants the road widened.
When at that moment, horrible to relate—	Then—
The traveller who passed through the pleasant scenery of Bobbington on Wednesday last, and heard a merry peal burst from its ivy-mantled and heaven-directing spire, was informed that an heir to the house of Blobbs had that day arrived to rejoice his parents and their well-wishers.	Bobbington bells were rung on Wednesday, because Mrs. Blobbs had had a boy.
But from the comparatively unimportant nature of the injuries which the unfortunate individual has sustained, his intelligent medical attendant offers assurances that the results will not be permanent.	As he has only got some scratches, the doctor says he will be at work again in a week.
This youthful cantatrice interpreted the melody of the great German *maestro* in a manner which won her golden opinions from those who had the gratification of hearing her.	Miss Brick sang Beethoven's song very well, and was applauded.
Mr. D. Billty in some degree failed to vindicate before a metropolitan audience the unqualified eulogies which have attend his provincial career.	Mr. D. Billty has been much puffed in the country, but will not do for London.

—*London Punch.*

BARRY AND HIS DUCKS.—During the run of "Tom and Jerry," which was played in Dublin some fifty or more nights successively, Barry's originally white Russian-duck trowsers, which he continued to wear night after night, began to assume rather a dusky appearance, indicating their innocence of soap and water. At last, when those long-enduring duck trowsers made their appearance about the twentieth night, encasing Barry's legs as if they grew there, and were never to undergo a change ("sea-change," fresh water or other,) one of Barry's persecutors cried out to him in the gallery, "Whist, Barry, you divil."—"What do ye want, ye blackguard?" said Barry, nothing moved by a style of address with which he was perfectly familiar. "Wait till I whisper to you," said the voice. All the house was silent. "When did your ducks take the water last?" The audience roared with laughter for several minutes; and Barry, for the first time in his life, was beaten by the gallery.

☞ Children are very sensitive to hunger; and often when we think that we are witnessing some fearful proof of the total depravity of human nature in a young child, we are only witnessing the natural expression of a desire for bread and milk.

OLD SCHOOL.

MR. GRAPES (helping himself to another glass of that fine old Madeira).—Yes, just as you say—water is very useful—for purposes of navigation, &c.,—but this fluid was made expressly for drinking.

By the way, how's your gout lately?

ALL ABOUT THE INDIGO.

In a certain Scottish village, there was, long ago, a worthy man, who kept himself in good and honest repute, and in good and comfortable livelihood, by supplying the people of the neighborhood with most of the commodities which their simple mode of life required. He was, in short, *the* shopkeeper of the village. Now, among the wants of his customers there was one, which existed indeed on a very limited scale, but which still required to be supplied. It so happened that the good linen shirts of the worthy people, when washed with soap and water, and made as white as hard rubbing could make them, had invariably a yellowish tinge after they were dried on the green. It was ascertained that this evil was remedied, or rather prevented, by the mixture of a very minute quantity of indigo with the "graith." Thus it was that a little implement, shaped like a shuttlecock, composed of a little knot of indigo wrapped in a rag, and tied round the neck with a thread, became as essential a belonging to a well-regulated household, as a kailpot or a frying-pan. A very small quantity was necessary, but that quantity must be had, and, of course, it must be kept in stock in the universal store. On one occasion, finding his stock running low, the "merchant" indited and sent off by the carrier, to the wholesale house in Glasgow with which he dealt, a note, which ran somewhat thus:—"Pleas sen too pon Indigo immediat. And remain, etc." Typography does not enable us to show precisely how the mistake originated; but the intelligent reader who has had occasion to see such documents will comprehend that it was not very wonderful that what was in the mind of the writer "two pounds" should have been to the eye of the reader 100 tons. The Glasgow house, though greatly astonished at the magnitude of the order, intimated that they would send, from week to week, as much as the carrier could take of their own stock, which might be three or four tons; but that they had sent on the order to their correspondents in London, with instructions to lose no time in executing it. The worthy merchant was completely overpowered by this intelligence; and while he was meditating on the course of action that might be necessary in the astounding circumstances, he received another letter from the Glasgow house, enclosing a dispatch from the London firm, to the effect that the indigo was purchased "as per their esteemed favor," and ready for shipment; but that, since the purchase was effected, there had been a sudden rise in the price, and that the "parties" from whom they purchased were willing to forfeit £500 per ton if the sale were cancelled. The worthy shopkeeper now "rose to the occasion," and would not accept the terms offered. The result was that, after some negotiation, he received some £50,000 in hard cash, which, of course, he invested in land, and became the "forbear" of one of the richest families in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale.

Now there are, no doubt, various points in this story that will not bear criticism, and we are not going to stand up for its absolute accuracy. But there is a point in it which makes us think it not impossible that it had some foundation in fact. Why was indigo selected, if the story were altogether fictitious, in preference to a thousand other commodities which are to be found in village shops? In point of fact, indigo is the only substance whose fluctuations of price brings the story to the confines of possibility.

EMBLEMATIC STONES.

JEWELS OF THE MONTH.

In Poland it is believed that each month of the year is under the influence of some precious stone, which influence is attached to the destiny of persons born during the course of the month. It is in consequence customary among friends, and more particularly between lovers, to make, on birthdays, reciprocal presents, consisting of some jewel ornamented with the tutelary stone. It is generally believed that this prediction of happiness, or rather of the future destiny, will be realized according to the wishes expressed on the occasion:—

January—The stone of January is the Jacinth or Garnet, which denotes constancy and fidelity in any sort of an engagement.

February—The Amethyst, a preservative against violent passions and an assurance of peace of mind and sincerity.

March—The Bloodstone is the stone of courage and wisdom in perilous undertakings and firmness in affection.

April—The Sapphire or Diamond is the stone of magnificence and kindness of disposition.

May—The Emerald. This stone signifies happiness in love and domestic felicity.

June—The Agate is the stone of long life, health and prosperity.

July—The Ruby or Cornelian denotes forgetfulness and exemption from the vexations caused by friendship and love.

August—The Sardonyx. The stone denotes conjugal felicity.

September—The Chrysolite is the stone which preserves and cures madness and despair.

October—The Aqua-Marine or Opal signifies distress and hope.

November—The Topaz signifies fidelity and friendship.

December—The Turquoise is the stone which expresses great sureness and prosperity in love and in all the circumstances of life.

SINGULAR FACTS IN HUMAN LIFE.—The average length of human life is about 28 years. One quarter die previous to the age of 7; one half before reaching 17. Only one of every 1,000 persons reaches 100 years. Only six of every 100 reaches the age of 65, and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. Of the whole population on the globe, it is estimated that 90,000 die every day; about 3,700 every hour, and 60 every minute, or 1 every second. These losses are more than counterbalanced by the number of births. The married are longer lived than the single. The average duration of life in all civilized countries is greater now than in any anterior period. Macaulay, the distinguished historian, states that in the year 1685—not an unhealthy year—the deaths in England were as one to 20, but in 1850, one to 40. Dupni, a well known French writer, states that the average duration of life in France from 1776 to 1843, increased 52 days annually. The rate of mortality in 1781 was one in 29, but in 1850, one in 40. The rich men live, on an average, 42 years, but the poor only 30 years. —*Free Nation.*

☞ The identical gun that Putnam shot the wolf with in Pomfret, Ct., has come into the possession of a Connecticut editor.

Agricultural.

MOSS ON ROOFS.—There is a barn near our farm with a shingle roof fifty years old, and the shingles appear quite as bright, and in as good order, as most shingle roofs at the end of the first year. When built, it was coated with a lime wash, tinted with ochre, and fully charged with glue and salt. This formed an agreeable color, and lasted many years; the lime present entirely preventing the growth of moss, and also the development of acetic acid from any sappy portion of the shingles. About twenty years since it was re-coated, with the lime wash tinted with amber. This is now pretty generally removed, still leaving an even color to the roof, and to the shingles a surprising freshness of appearance.

We suppose that lime alone, put on as a whitewash, would have answered all these purposes, though not so agreeably to the eye, while the wash-tinted, to resemble the color of the shingle, can never be unsightly.—*Working Farmer.*

COLD FRAMES FOR PLANTS.—A New Jersey market gardener writes to the Horticultural as follows: "For raising our spring plants of cabbage, cauliflower, or lettuce, we use only cold frames; that is, frames on the surface of the ground, without any heating material. Have the ground finely pulverized, and sow rather thin. By one month from the time of sowing, we have fine, strong, hardy plants for planting in the open ground. Careful attention is necessary in giving abundance of air, and by covering up with straw mats at night, so as entirely to exclude frost. We have practised this plan for some years past, and find it cheaper, requiring less attention, and producing much better plants than those raised in hot-beds.

FEEDING BONE DUST TO COWS.—Your correspondent "Country," says his cows' toes grow too long. I have had sheep's toes do the same while stabled. Some time ago, a young farmer living some twenty miles from me, said that he had, at different times, in his barn, cows whose claws would grow too long, and occasionally one claw would grow around the end of the other claw, and that it was cured by feeding bone dust. He had fed as much as one tablespoonful each day to a cow in cut feed, with marked effect. He acknowledged it was full, strong feed. I generally feed one tablespoonful twice in a week to each cow, but do not know its effect. My reason for doing it is, that my neighborhood has pastured these 200 years, and little or no manure put on the ground, hence the soil is wanting in bone-making materials.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE COTTON TREE.—The *Working Farmer* says:—"We regret to state that Mr. R. C. Kendall, so well known as identified with the Perennial Cotton, has recently proved to be entirely unreliable in his statements, and that we believe he has grossly imposed upon the press and the public. We will be happy to refund, to all who have purchased the Perennial Cotton Seed left with us for sale by Mr. Kendall, as we are now compelled to doubt its genuineness. Although we repudiate Mr. Kendall, and all his statements in regard to his success in cultivating the Perennial Cotton in the North, we are in possession of facts establishing the successful growth of Perennial Cotton in Chili and Peru, and will spare no pains or expense in testing the feasibility of its culture in the Northern states."

TO MAKE AN EVERGREEN GROW COMPACT.—If you have an evergreen, or Norway spruce, balsam fir, American spruce, or any of the pines, and desire to make it grow more compact, just pinch out the bud from every leading branch, all around and over it. Repeat this process again next year, at this time, and your evergreen will continue thereafter to grow thickly.—*Indiana Farmer.*

GOATS.—If a person has a tree or a plant which he values, he must not allow goats to run at large. They are exceeding destructive to all kinds of herbage, and will surmount almost any obstacle to get at it.

Useful Receipts.

WHEAT COFFEE.—During the week we have been drinking coffee made of wheat and coffee combined—one quarter pound of coffee mixed with two quarts of wheat. The wheat is boiled about twenty minutes in water, and placed in a pan and browned the same as coffee. So far, we prefer it to the genuine article, and it certainly is more healthy. With a pound of coffee and eight quarts of wheat, which cost from three to four cents a quart, this beverage is produced so cheap, that it makes up all the difference in the advance in price of both tea and coffee. Try it.—*Miner's Journal.*

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—If any one of the readers of the Farmer are fond of buckwheat griddle cakes, and like them all the better when light and crispy, let them use about one-fourth part of oatmeal in making them, serve them hot, from an *uncovered* dish, and in the winter on warm plates. My word for it, they will decide that these hints are good ones.

The oatmeal makes the cakes lighter, healthier, and improves their flavor; and the uncovered dish prevents them from becoming sodden by steaming. The best of all griddles to cook them upon are those made of soapstone. They require less care in cooking, and not more than half as much lard as the common iron griddles. My family have breakfasted on buckwheat and oatmeal cakes for the past eighteen months, without regard to the season; and, although personally a chronic dyspeptic, I find them easy of digestion, and every way satisfactory. My family of five persons consume less than ten pounds of meal per week, at an average cost of less than three cents per pound, or less than one cent per breakfast for each person. When served as above directed, with goood butter and syrup added, I doubt if a cheaper or better breakfast can be placed on a workingman's table.

HOME-MADE BAROMETERS.—The following is a way of making "a reliable barometer to indicate atmospheric changes":—Take two sheets of pasteboard paper, of any convenient size, say three feet long by two feet wide. Bring the ends together, and glue or paste them tight, each sheet by itself; and they will look like two pieces of paper stove pipe. Cut thin, round boards exactly to fit in the ends of these paper cylinders. Carefully glue or nail them tight. Now you have two air-tight paper drums with wooden heads. Take a pole of any length you desire—three feet or twelve feet—let one drum be fastened to each end of the pole. Now balance this pole with the drums on each end, on nice pivots, in the middle. Then bore a gimlet through the end of one drum, and you have a good farmer's barometer. One drum is air-tight. One has a hole in it, so there will be more or less air in one drum than there is in the other, according as the surrounding air is dense or rarified. Consequently, in dense or heavy air, the tight drum rises, while the one with the pin-hole in it goes down. Crosswise through the middle of the bar, or pole, should run a stick as large as one's finger, a foot long, with wire gudgeons, on which the instrument should vibrate or teeter. Let the ends of the pole be slightly lower than the middle, that the whole do not make a somerset: smear all with glue or oil, so that the air enters only in the puncture mentioned. Have something you can slide through the bar to keep it nearly level. Mark, if you please, figures along the pole to show how far you have moved the balancing polar, though for this there is but little need. This instrument may not be so perfect as a costly barometer; but for all practical purposes it is all one could ask.

The Riddler.

NATURAL-HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is the smallest bird of the duck kind distinguished.

My 5, 21, 16, 20, 28, 23, 11, 14, is the name of the sucking-fish.

My 7, 10, 13, 28, 30, is the name of the net used in the pilchard fishery, on the coast of Cornwall.

My 8, 17, 10, 15, is a part of the animal body.

My 9, 10, 22, 11, is the largest monkey of the sagoin kind.

My 12, 6, 28, 30, is the tallest dog bred in England.

My 18, 19, 6, 11, 4, is a bird of passage.

My 24, 6, 28, 29, are the minute particles of rocky substances.

My 25, 27, 30, 1, 2, are parts of the body which derive their formation from the nerves.

My 31, 3, 7, 26, 6, 28, is one of the three distinctions of the musk-rat.

My whole is an old maxim. CAHMEW.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 68 letters.

My 30, 22, 29, 35, 39, 47, is a people who prevail with God.

My 4, 10, 40, 37, 42, is one of God's disciples.

My 45, 17, 14, 28, 35, 30, 9, is a book of the Bible.

My 4, 33, 38, 38, 20, 9, 21, 3, 35, were considered a religious people.

My 30, 9, 23, 30, 18, 12, was a prophet.

My 31, 43, 7, 6, 22, is one who was called by God for his church's sake.

My 34, 18, 4, 2, 11, 33, 47, 20, is one of the sons of Israel.

My 44, 16, 20, 10, 47, signifies the fire of God.

My 14, 33, 1, 41, 18, 34, was a prophet.

My 34, 18, 27, 33, 22, 46, was a great King.

My 2, 37, 23, 16, 5, 14, is the place where David met the armies to secure to him Saul's kingdom.

My 42, 24, 10, 12, was one who to Boaz was kinsman.

My 9, 5, 36, 21, 42, was a parable Jesus spake to the multitude.

My 25, 43, 23, 30, 18, 33, signifies the goodness of God.

My 15, 6, 28, 30, 26, is a book in the Old Testament.

My whole is a Bible proverb.

SAMUEL LAIRD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first was a goddess of ancient heathen mythology, and is frequently mentioned by poets and writers of the present age.

My second is an affliction under which may be embraced "all the ills that flesh is heir to."

My whole can charm us in our saddest hours.

Tonica, Ill. ∞

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in sea but not in land.
My 2nd is in coral but not in sand.
My 3rd is in heat but not in blaze.
My 4th is in look but not in gaze.
My 5th is in fork but not in knife.
My 6th is in flute but not in fife.
My 7th is in hail but not in rain.
My 8th is in road but not in lane.
My 9th is in house but not in home.
My 10th is in steeple but not in dome.
My 11th is in slide but not in roll.
Many boys often discard my whole.

Newport, R. I. CHAS. COTTRELL.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two persons buy 100 yards of muslin for $4. Each paying $2. When they come to divide it they find that one end is damaged, and agree that the one that takes the damaged end, shall have it at ½ cent per yard less than the other, but both must take it out in muslin. How many yards must each have? REUBEN BARTO.

Elwood, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find (if possible) four integral square numbers whose sum shall be a square number; the sum of every three of them a square number; and the sum of every two of them a square number. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why were the rebel commissioners, Mason and Slidell, like Daniel in the Scriptures? Ans.—Because they were given up to Lyons, (lions,) and the Lyons mouth was shut.

☞ What belongs to yourself, and is used by everybody more than yourself? Ans.—Your name.

☞ How would you express in one word having met a doctor of medicine? Ans.—Met a physician.

☞ Why should the stars be the best astronomers? Ans.—Because they have studded (studied) the heavens ever since the creation.

☞ What part of a fish is like the end of a book? Ans.—The fin-is.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

NATURAL HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—A History of the Earth and Animated Nature, by Oliver Goldsmith. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Blind Asylum, of Philadelphia. RIDDLE.—The letter E. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.—Wool.—(Washington, Oregon, Olympus, Long's Peak.) ANAGRAMS.—Introducing, Conveniently, Protection, Gratitude, Troublesome, Resolution, Lieutenant, Prisoner. MENTAL ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—90 miles.

Answer to TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM by H. L. F., published Feb. 15th.—Wagon Mound is W. 10 deg. 43 min. N., distant 49.6023 miles from the N. W. corner, in lat. 36 deg. 42 min. 22 sec., long., 108 deg. 51 min. 34 sec. W. Rabbit-ear Mountain is W. 11 deg. 53 min. N., distant 9.1867 miles. The two mountains are 40.4626 miles apart.

Answer to ARITHMETICAL QUESTION by W. H. Scott, published March 1st.—11 and 2 pence by 14.142 plus. A. D. YOUNG.

Enon Valley, Pa.

Reuben Martin, Gallia co., Ohio, and James P. McFarlan, Fulton, New York.